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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 3, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII
No. 1854

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUG. 3
1935

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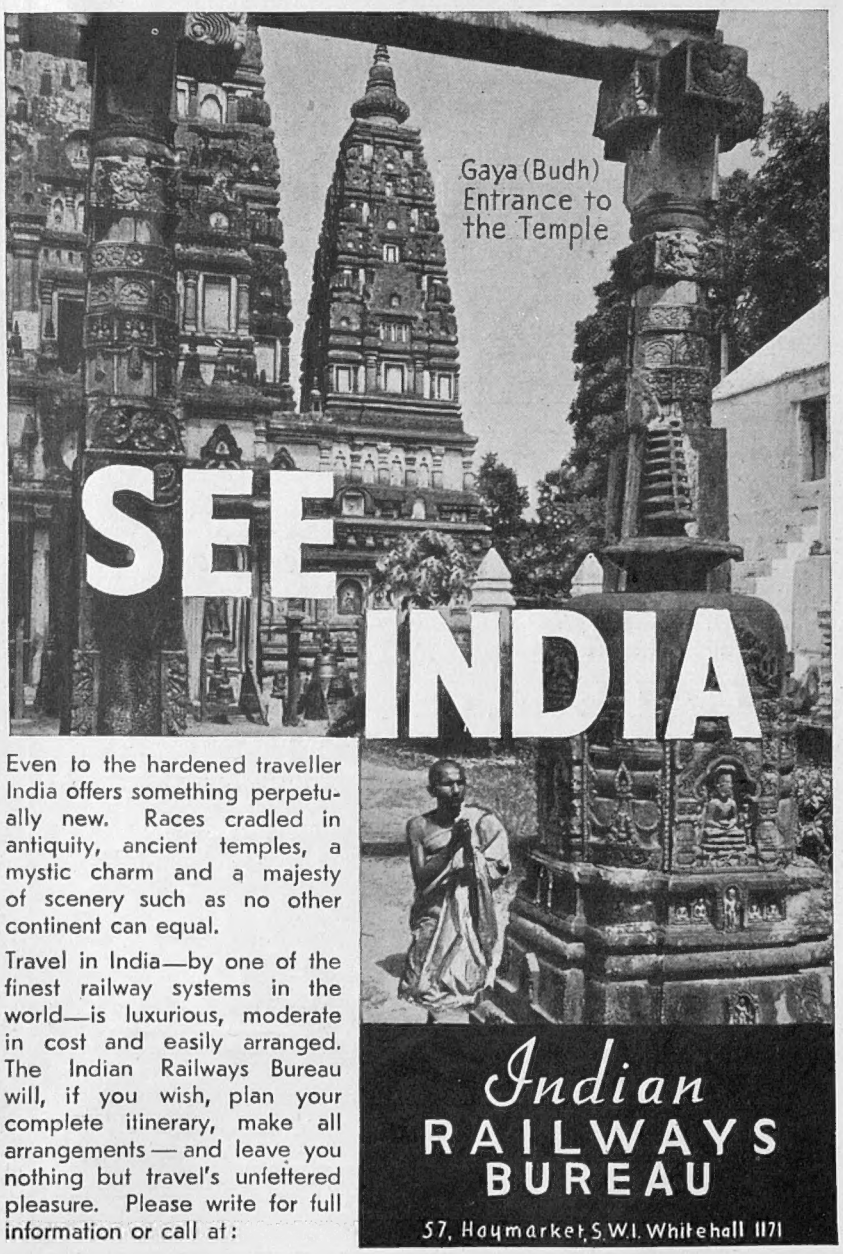

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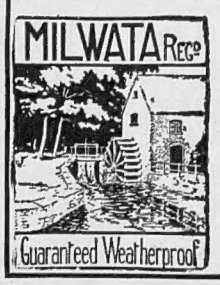

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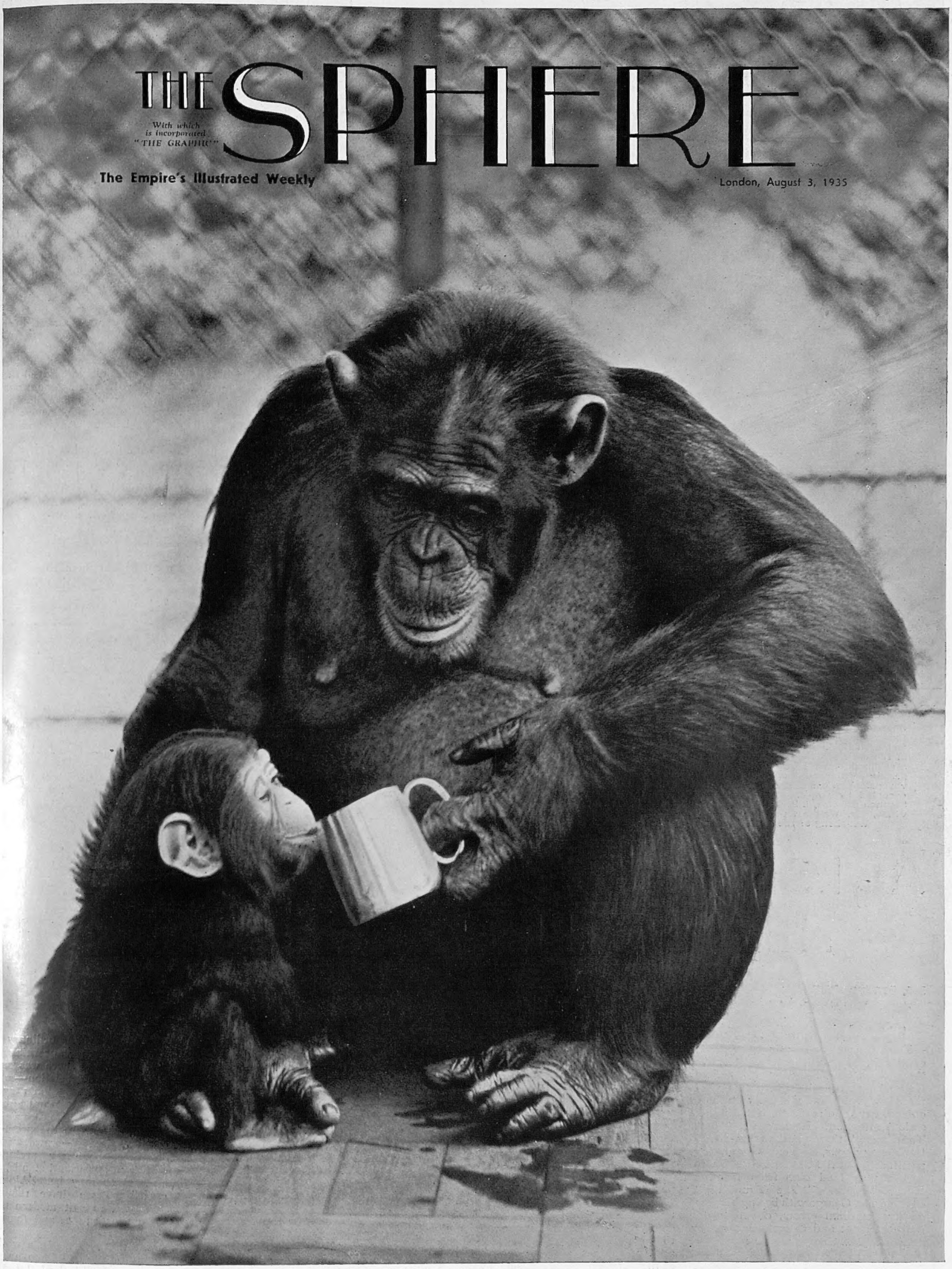
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 3, 1935



The Weaning of Jubilee

The Famous Zoo Chimpanzee Takes a Drink of Milk from Her Christening Mug

During the past few months the world has watched with ever increasing interest the growth of Jubilee—the appropriately named and intensely human little chimpanzee who was born to Boo Boo at the London Zoo on February 15 of this year. Jubilee has progressed rapidly and is now the possessor of nine teeth, the arrival of the first of which prompted someone to send her a toothbrush, while she can also crawl and can climb the wires of her cage to the very top. Many gifts have been showered upon her; some have taken the form of parti-coloured knitted jumpers for the winter and hand-knitted scarves, while a Fellow of the Zoological Society has bought her a christening mug which, as the above picture reveals, her mother is showing her how to use in the approved manner. Altogether, Jubilee is a delightful creature, and it will be a sad day for visitors to Regent's Park when she outgrows her baby ways and becomes a full-grown chimpanzee

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

TREASURES FROM THE ORIENT: On July 25 H.M.S. *Suffolk* arrived at Portsmouth with the collection of works of art she had brought from Shanghai and which are to form the nucleus of the Chinese Art Exhibition to be held at Burlington House from November of this year to March 1936. In the picture above and in that on the right members of the crew are seen unloading some of the ninety-three specially made steel-lined cases in which the 760 different articles, many of them priceless on account of their antiquity and rarity, were packed for the voyage. The collection, which was later sent to London by road and escorted by police, was disembarked under the supervision of Sir Stephen Gaselee, Librarian and Keeper of the Papers at the Foreign Office, Mr. Walter Lamb, secretary of the Royal Academy, and Dr. Wei-cheng of the Chinese Embassy. (*See note on p. 170*)

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 31, 1935.

FIVE CARDINAL ERRORS.

—The Government's restrained, courteous, reasoned, and constructive "apologia" for rejecting Mr. Lloyd George's new deal, is a curiosity of politics. Every journal, every thinking citizen, gave and is giving to that reply, serious attention. It stimulated "The Thunderer" to more than customary frankness, vigour, and uncompromising partisanship of the Government. There was a very loud clap from Printing House Square. "The Thunderer" charged Mr. George with basing his plan on five cardinal errors, due to gross over-statement and to omissions of fact as gross. Mr. George argued:

(1) That after a temporary recovery, depression is setting in again and becoming more profound. Answer: See Mr. Runciman's trade figures for the first half of the year; and note that "permanent" (two-year or more) unemployment is a comparatively small figure and confined to the distressed areas.

(2) That his own schemes for curing unemployment would involve no extraneous or oblique difficulties and would be swiftly effective. Answer: Rapid agricultural expansion would raise food prices and upset the applecart of imperial and foreign trade on the tariff system.

(3) That the Government has done nothing at all in the way of constructive thinking and progressive measures. Answer: What about housing, roads, trade with the Empire, water supplies?

(4) A Development Board and a "War" Cabinet would produce speed and energy in policy and practice. Answer: Wherein lies the inefficiency of the present Cabinet and how can the knowledge possessed and supplied by the relevant Government departments be better made available?

(5) That there is a vast amount of undiscovered work capable of giving employment to large numbers, waiting to be put in hand. Answer: Your attempt to draw up a convincing list of these hidden sources of employment, is puerile and unconvincing.

In a word (thundered "The Thunderer") it is a cruelly misleading pretence to tell the public that within fifteen months unemployment can be eliminated, and your entire programme is based on over-statement and concealment of fact and is nothing but a piece of sheer, political strategy. It remains to see whether the public needed to be set on its guard against Mr. George's persuasive pleading. The next six months should decide the question.

BIGOTRY.

—The Coroner of Belfast, during the riot inquests, made one of those *obiter dicta* to which coroners are prone. It was a reasonable occasion for a sententious utterance and it was a truth which he spoke. "Bigotry is the curse of peace and goodwill, and the poor people who commit these riots are easily led and influenced. The rioters were influenced almost entirely by the public speeches of men in high positions." It is worth considering—this dictum—in its widest aspect. My experience would lead me to suppose that the average man in England to-day pays curiously little attention to the speeches of politicians, even responsible ones. Here at any rate religion and politics are not closely related. In Ulster doubtless the two are indivisible in the very limited area of trouble. Here in England also the average man is not likely to be upset by religious controversy. Religion may mean nothing to him or much or a little. If it mean much, he is free to make as much of it as he will and to guard his treasure without fear or disturbance. But this paradox remains—in my experience as journalist and citizen. Where bitterness is roused by controversy, it is invariably in religious controversy that the bitterness is most fierce, relentless, and unforgiving. A man will laugh at a libel on his race and class, sometimes on himself. He will let you call him every blackguard name in a political dog fight. But make so much as a hint that all is not perfection in his form of religion or with one of his co-religionists, and your bigot will forget that the religion of every sect enjoins peace, forgiveness, gentleness, and humility, and he will have at you like a Hun, hitting above and below the belt.

THE PRINCE OF SPEED.—

Is there any rival to the Prince of Wales as a conqueror of time and space? Does any other hard-worked, busy man so vanquish time and space in fulfilling his heavy programme? He carried out last Wednesday quite a big programme in Guernsey, having undertaken to be present in the evening at the Jubilee performance of Russian opera at Covent Garden. This is how he did it. He flew from Guernsey to Calshot in a R.A.F. flying boat. There a speed-boat was waiting to rush him up the Water to Hamble. At Hamble Flight-Lieut. Fielden was waiting with the Prince's own 'plane to flick him across Hampshire and Berkshire to Sunningdale. At Sunningdale he changed into evening clothes, leapt into a car, and reached Covent Garden, coatless and hatless, in time for the second part of the programme. Whether he had any dinner is not stated. It is a matter about which he would not give a thought. Time and space can be conquered at a price, and with very careful staff work. The question remains, whether one grown used to thus making a mock or a slave of time and space could ever resign himself in later life to more leisurely movements. It would be rather like exchanging a Bentley for a four-wheeler.

THE WONDERFUL YEAR.

—Now the last of those summer functions are over and the pomp and pageantry are finished with, and the King and Queen prepare to enjoy their well-earned holiday, free from the restraints and forms of ceremonial. What memories, what proud and thankful memories must be theirs! Can any other sovereign in the history of civilisation have ever harvested so rich a crop? Others have enjoyed longer reigns, others have brought their peoples to greater heights of material prosperity, others have enjoyed the anxious triumphs of dazzling conquests by force of arms. King George looks back on a reign of twenty-five years of unparalleled trouble and anxiety, during which our fate hung by a hair, during which we passed through the deeps of depression and the valley of death. We never despaired. He never despaired. Sovereign and people alike buckled to every new task and fought back to safety shoulder to shoulder. A king has less chance than ordinary folk to know the truth concerning himself. To King George there was granted on May 6 that rare revelation—to see himself through the nation's eyes, and, since he is a modest and simple man, the revelation surprised him. In every succeeding function the proof—if more proof were needed—crowded in. Here, alone in the stormy archipelago of civilization, our island stands, as happy an island as may be. Alone among the nations we have retained and rationalized to suit modern needs our ancient constitution, and found that it took the strain of every new wind and tempest that arose. In a world where passions are rife and fierce, and men are free to speak with the full bitterness of rage and disappointment, jealousy and disillusion, there was not one responsible voice raised to question the greatness of King George's achievement, to diminish the completeness of the world-wide tribute paid him. He leaves his capital with full belief that the confidence expressed by his Ministers in this country's returning prosperity is justified. He leaves it with such a testimonial as few "working-men" ever carried away to gladden their holiday. What reveries for the waiting half-hour in a grouse-butt! What material for a pillow review!

What memories, what total absence of regrets! I hope Sickert's clever impression of the King (and Queen) as the public usually sees them, through a glass darkly, may be secured as a Jubilee purchase for a national gallery. It is now on view at the Leicester Galleries.

THE GROUSE MOORS.—The list of tenants and shooting owners is published, the first estimates of grouse prospects are made known. Autumn casts her shadow before. It is a joyous and melancholy moment. As for the list of shooting tenants and owners, it tells the usual story and repeats the well-known names. A grouse moor is like the morphia habit, devilish difficult to throw off. This year one or two of the bigger places have gone off quicker, and generally speaking there will be fewer big and little goldmines to be picked up for a song at the eleventh hour. A grouse moor-with-forest is often an embarrassment. Busy people cannot hang on into October to complete their minimum of stags. Forests pure and simple are not the good investments for landlords they once were. The big moors have faithful tenants. In Perthshire, Mr. Herbert Pulitzer is at Drumoor, Mr. A. T. Reid at Auchterarder, Col. Ramsay at Castle Menzies, Lord Devonport at Kinloch. Lord Camrose shoots Glenmuick and Sir Victor Warrender Kilberry in Ross-shire. Lord Dulverton returns to Lord Cawdor's lodge at Drynachan, Captain Brinckman has Kinrara, Sir Harold Wernher and Mr. Bedford of New York divide Lord Airlie's moors; Lord Beatty is of course at Grantully; Sir Theodore Brinckman at Daviot and a bunch of "annuals," keen Americans, return to the smaller moors in the Daviot area. Moy is not mentioned as having been let and is recorded as in Mackintosh's hands and Lochiel has not yet let the bulk of his shootings. As to the estimates of grouse stocks, these are of no great value. The bad weather of June certainly hit Angus and Aberdeen worse than Inverness and Morayshire and Perthshire. I had quite hopeful reports from the Nairn area when I was there after the disastrous weather, but I don't think that long deferred bumper year can be expected. Only northern England and East Scotland (last year) have enjoyed one such since 1922. Tradition has it that one should come every seven years. It came in 1915 (when we were shooting bigger game) and it came in 1922. It has never come since to the Highlands and (woe is me) a man can expect but half-a-dozen of them in a normal life. Speaking for myself I have enjoyed two, missed the chance of two, and don't feel hopeful of snatching my fair ration in 1936, unless there be a good healthy stock, good weather and good feed after this season. The deer have done amazingly well all winter and are likely to embarrass the stalkers before October is out. I saw a lot of them down along the line at Drumochter as late as June 11. Meanwhile the English gunner has a clear duty before him. To get his eye in by shooting down the unparalleled plague of rabbits, pigeons and jays which threaten all foodstuffs in southern England.

LONG-LEG.—When about 1780 Mr. Lord removed his quarters from Dorset Square to St. John's Wood and carried his patrons, the noblemen and gentlemen cricketers, with him, he removed also his turf which for 150 years has grown green (and tricky) at Lord's. Now an acre or two of those eight acres of turf are to go. The centre of the ground is to be returfed this winter at a cost of many thousands. It is all thanks to the attentions of the leatherjacket, alias crane-fly, alias daddy-long-legs. When Lord moved to "Lord's," long-stop was one of the most important places in the field. Long-stop has long been abolished. Now long-legs are to be abolished also and the only way to do it is to remove them with their place of residence. Cricket is a conservative game. Lord's is the headquarters of Toryism, and daddy-long-legs is very much the prototype of Toryism.

TECHNICOLOURED BECKY.—A U.S. correspondent sends me an idea of the effect on a Boston audience of the production of *Becky Sharp*, the first full-length colour film which London is now enjoying. Boston's view was that this colour film would have the same revolutionary effect on the industry that eight years ago the first successful talking picture produced. "When the next picture at the Boston Theatre came on the screen, the effect was startling. The actors looked like ghosts; they did not seem to be real people in the black and white film, but shadows . . . ." My correspondent deduced (as some fans in England are doing) that the public will now soon lose all interest in "black and whites." Boston thought the film, as a play, rather silly. As usual, the author's plot is roughly handled and "improved." Becky, that hard diamond, worldly, efficient, unscrupulous, becomes rather a weak and womanly, sentimental creature, nervous, hysterical, an American adventuress rather than your cool, amusing, self-possessed English edition. She ends in fat and virtuous security in Jos' arms, much of her shady and shameful past tactfully skated over. It is the colour question which the film raises. There is nothing else "revolutionary" about it.

EARL'S COURT.—The revival and return of Earl's Court as a public rendezvous for instruction and recreation, industrial and social, is cheerful to hear of. The old exhibition was as much a part of the memories of Edwardian youth as was the Empire Promenade and the Continental—with this distinction that we went to Earl's Court with our sisters and cousins and girl friends. The water shoot, the great wheel, the shooting booths, the switch-back—these are half forgotten thrills (or feats of endurance) whose memories revive again. I never got back my expenditure on those round-abouts with the £5 solatium for being "stuck" in the great wheel, but I do not regret my outlay on that Edwardian notion of night life in the open air, of which the atmosphere is so admirably preserved in Barry Pain's *The One Before*. Who will give offhand the origin of the name? I believe we owe it to the de Veres, Earls of Oxford, who were lords of the manor in that part of Kensington in ancient days and held thereabouts their manor courts. Such at any rate is Wheatley's derivation.

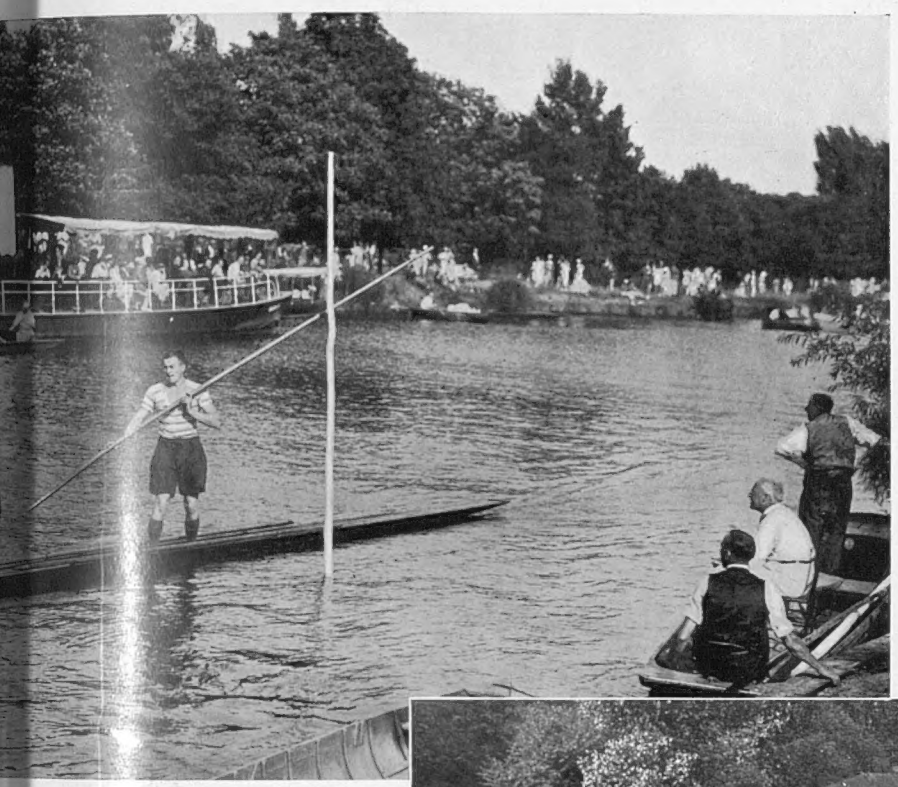
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE?—I feel a strong inducement, when my next book is published, to copy a method of book advertisement which I saw for the first time in last week's press. It takes the form of a type-script "open letter" from author direct to public. Taking my hints more or less exactly from the sample I saw, I shall say:—

> "I was lunching at the Athenæum the other day when I got a message from Sir James Barrie to say that he had read nothing more beautiful than my new book since he wrote *The Little Minister*. Bernard Shaw wired me, by the way, that if literary genius be rare, I must be unique. Agatha Christie told a friend that nobody can write like me; Dorothy Sayers is of the same opinion, and Lords Donegall and Castlerosse both told me my book had reduced them to tears. Naturally, I am amazed that it is selling so well; already the second (large) impression is well nigh exhausted. *Magenta Rim*, by the way, is published by Barkis and Willing, and costs only 9s. 6d. W. H. Smith were good enough to tell me the other evening that they never handled a novel so well worth the money. If you care to tell your friends about it, don't mind my feelings.—Yours truthfully, THE OLD STAGER."

That, I think, is an effective and dignified way of bringing good current literature to public notice.

SILLY SEASON BLESSINGS.—In our experience since the war the Silly Season, now upon us, has belied its name. In a mad world of jealousy, hot-headedness, and misunderstanding it has indeed afforded a blessed respite when major crises lower their heads and doze. On that account we should not scorn or ridicule the characteristic features of the Silly Season. Rather we should welcome the topics which then take pride of place in the correspondence columns of the Press, and bless those topics for their homely unimportance.

THE OLD STAGER



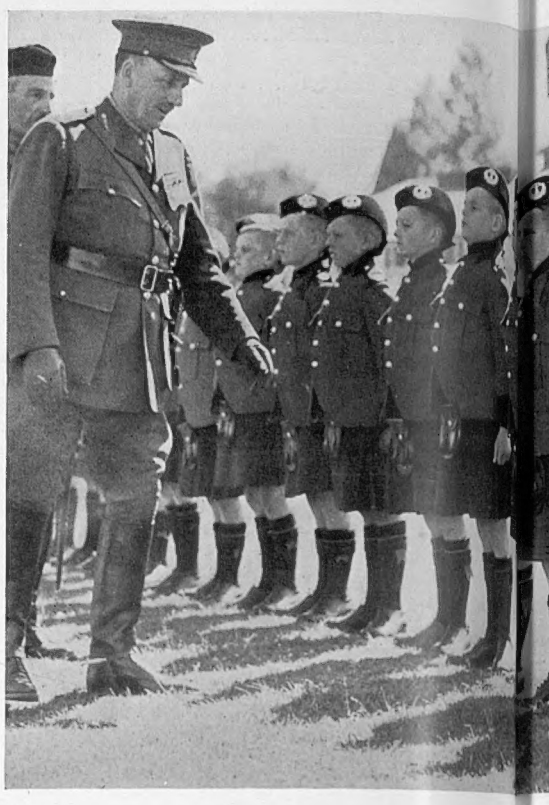
FIRST PAST THE POST: T. Topsfield, who was making his first appearance in this event, winning the Thames Punting Championship which was held at Shepperton last Saturday. He was 2½ lengths ahead of his nearest rival

An animated scene at the paddling pool at Kennington Park, London, S.E., which during the summer months is invariably thronged with youngsters seeking to keep cool. In the background is a large swimming bath for the grown-ups

CHILDREN'S PARADISE

WORLD SURVEY A

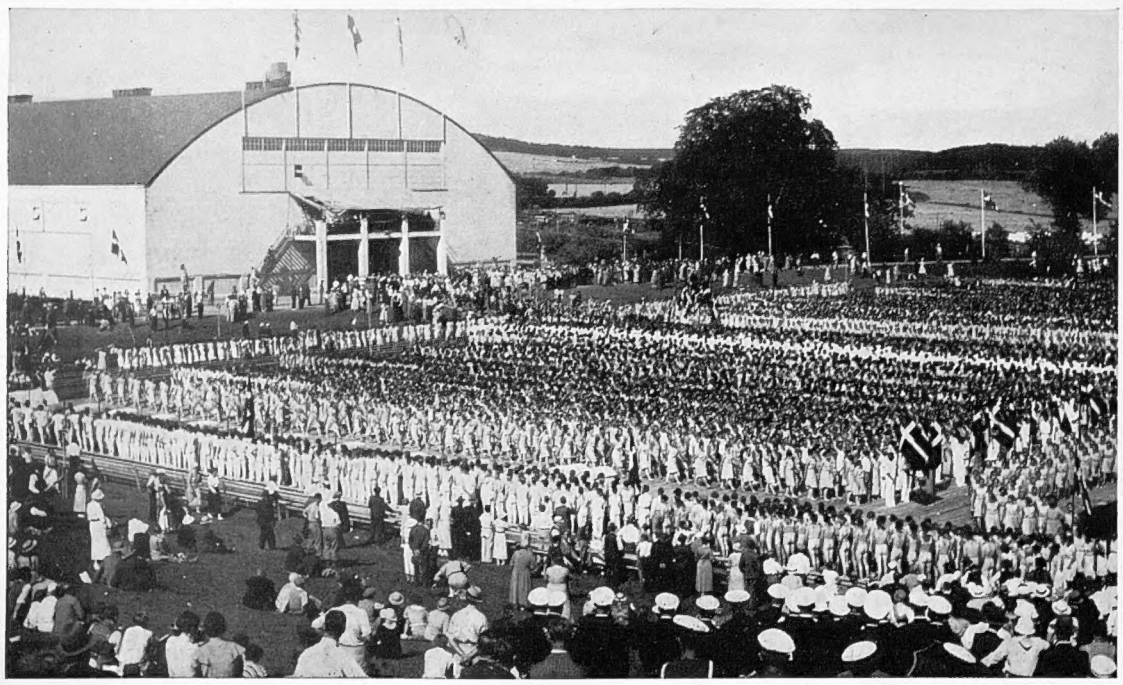
PEDESTRIANS PAR EXCELLENCE: Members of the Road Walking Association who represented England in the four days' contest in Holland, in which several nations have been participating. These walking marathons find even greater favour on the Continent than they do here, and attract large crowds of spectators



YOUTH ON PARADE: Lieutenant-General Sir H. Knox the boys on prize-giving day at the Queen Victoria Schoo th

A STRIKING DEMONSTRATION OF MILITARY EFFICIENCY: People watching from the banks of the Oder as men of the Schwedt Cavalry Regiment crossed the river, with their horses swimming beside the boats, during exercises held on July 24. Their task was particularly difficult, as they could not choose a favourable place to cross, part of their task being to avoid an "enemy" detachment guarding the shore

MANŒUVRES ON SALISBURY PLAIN: Tanks of 1st B during exercises held a few days ago at Tilshead in Wilts Massingberd, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Archi



SCANDINAVIAN ATHLETES FORGATHER: An animated scene in the vast Stadium at Ollerup, Denmark, where representatives of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark assembled on July 25 to take part in this year's Northern Olympiad. There were over fifteen thousand entries

THE OXFORD GROUP MOVEMENT: A picture ta in th Guise was speaking to an assembly of over se thous his left. The group on the right includes Metr

A Pictorial Record of Recent Happenings at Home and Abroad

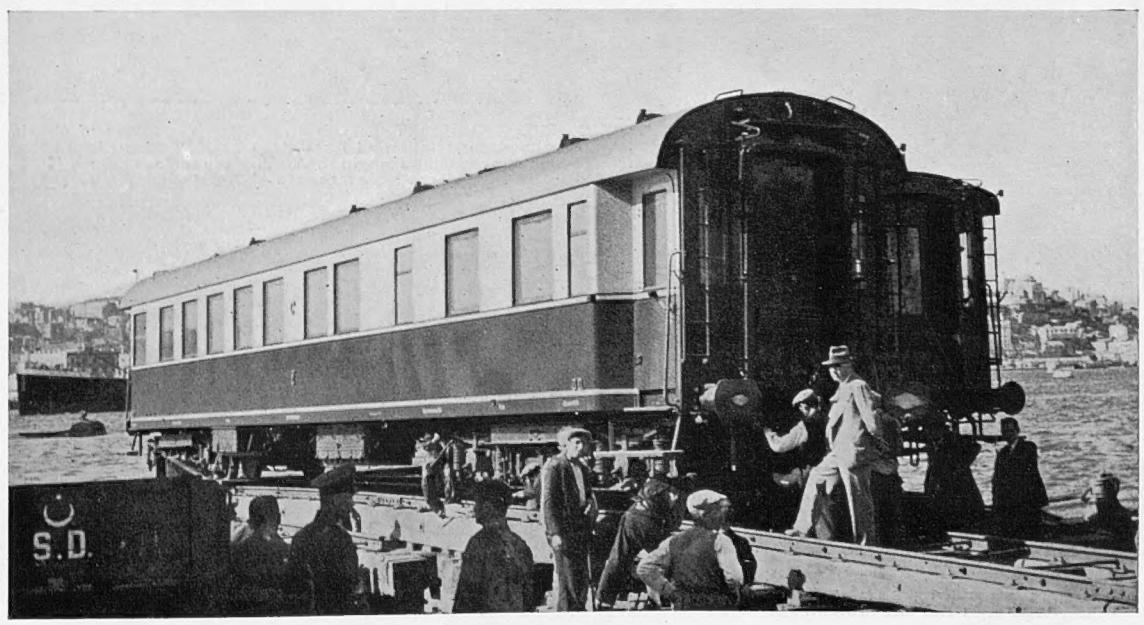
Knox, the Adjutant-General to the Forces, inspecting
or the sons of Scottish soldiers and sailors at Dunblane

NATURE IN A SAVAGE MOOD: A monument knocked from its pedestal at a shrine in the city of Shizuoka, in the Suruga Province of Japan, where a violent earthquake occurred on July 12, killing nine persons and injuring one hundred and eighty-seven. The shock destroyed 481 houses and damaged 533, while the total loss was estimated at nearly £600,000. Shizuoka was once a great military stronghold, but to-day it is chiefly celebrated as a tea-growing centre. It has many fine temples, and some of these suffered considerably in the recent disaster

st Brigade, Royal Tank Corps, "going into action"
resence of Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-
rchibald has only recently been promoted to Field-Marshal

A HARBOUR IN RUINS: A view of the damaged quay and a warehouse at Port Shimizu, Suruga Bay, where the full force of the recent Japanese earthquake was felt. Much of the famous Shizuoka tea is exported from here

n the grounds of Lady Margaret Hall, when Mr. John
thousand people, with Mr. Loudon Hamilton seated on
Metropolitan of India and the Bishop of Rangoon

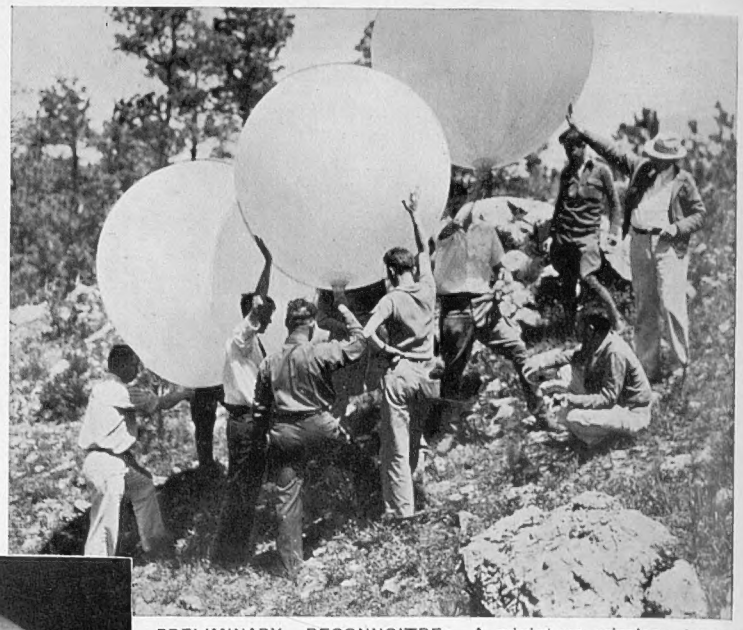


A TRAVELLING PALACE FOR THE TURKISH LEADER: The luxuriously-equipped railway coach, which has been built in Germany for Kemal Attaturk, seen after it had been landed from a steamer at Istanbul. The President makes frequent and lengthy tours of the country, and he has long felt the need for more comfortable travelling quarters

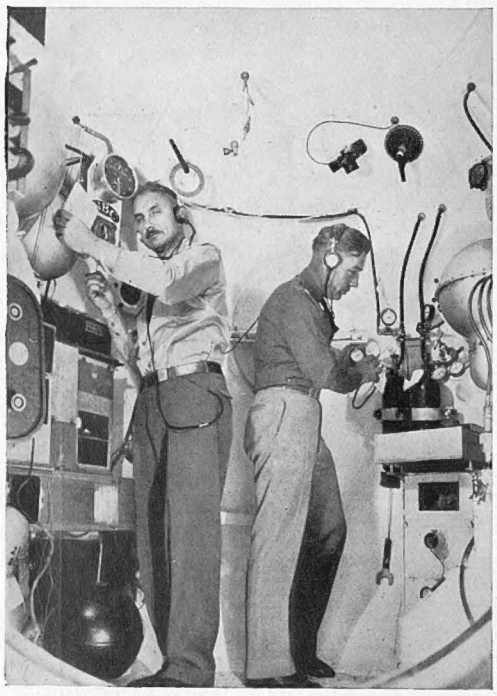
THE STRATOSPHERE FLIGHT FIASCO

Dramatic Pictures Taken Before and After the Collapse of the Giant Balloon in which two Americans were Hoping to Ascend into the Upper Atmosphere

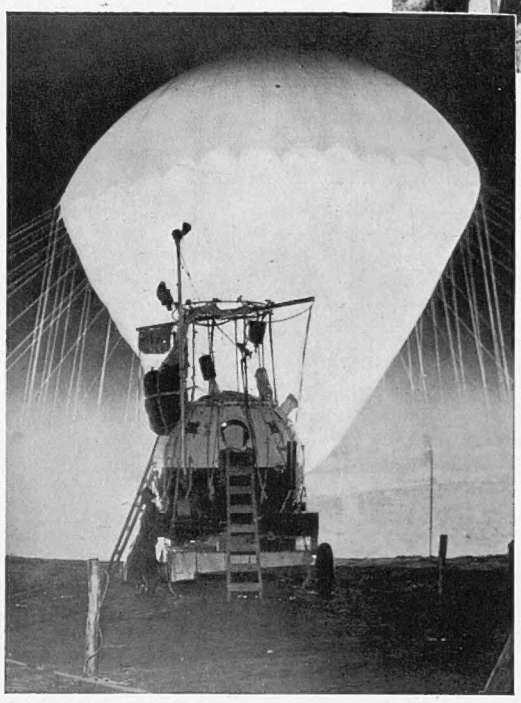
A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE: The sheltered spot in the heart of the Black Hills near Rapid City, South Dakota, from which Captain Albert Stevens and Captain Orvil Anderson had planned to take-off on a flight into the stratosphere. Unfortunately the attempt ended in a fiasco, the balloon, *Explorer II* collapsing just before it was fully inflated



PRELIMINARY RECONNOITRE: A miniature wireless transmitter was attached to these three balloons when they were released a few hours before *Explorer II* was due to leave the ground. In this way it was hoped to obtain data, to help the navigators on their ascent



THE CREW: Captain Albert Stevens and Captain Orvil Anderson, who had lucky escapes during the disastrous ascent in 1934, inspecting the instruments in the metal gondola

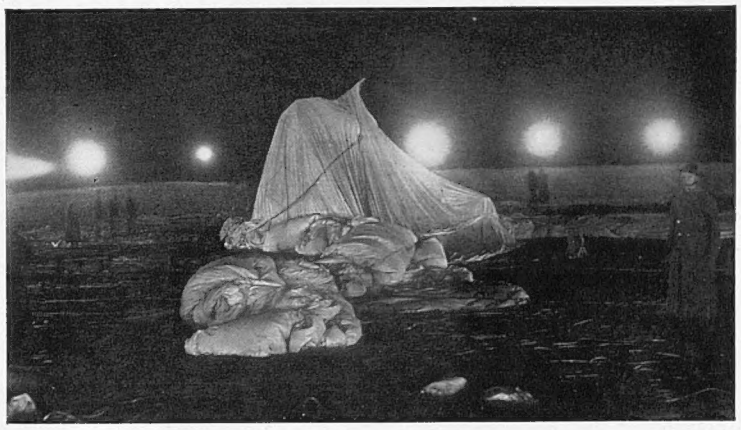


INFLATING "EXPLORER II": The envelope of the balloon being filled with 3,375,000 cubic feet of helium—a picture taken about half-an-hour before the collapse on the morning of July 12

SAFETY FIRST: If the envelope of *Explorer II* had burst in mid-air the navigators would have had an excellent chance of reaching the ground in safety, as they had attached this giant parachute to the top of the metal gondola

A MOMENT OF DRAMA: *Explorer II* being inflated with helium under the glare of powerful lamps placed in the amphitheatre

On right—A CRUMPLED MASS: The envelope lying on the ground where it collapsed—a view showing the torn fabric



A TRAGIC END TO MONTHS OF EFFORT: The fabric of the balloon lying on the ground following its collapse, which took place with great suddenness but caused no one in the vicinity any serious injury. Thousands of people, who had come from all parts of Dakota, witnessed the disaster

A Blow to American Hopes

Careful Planning that was of No Avail

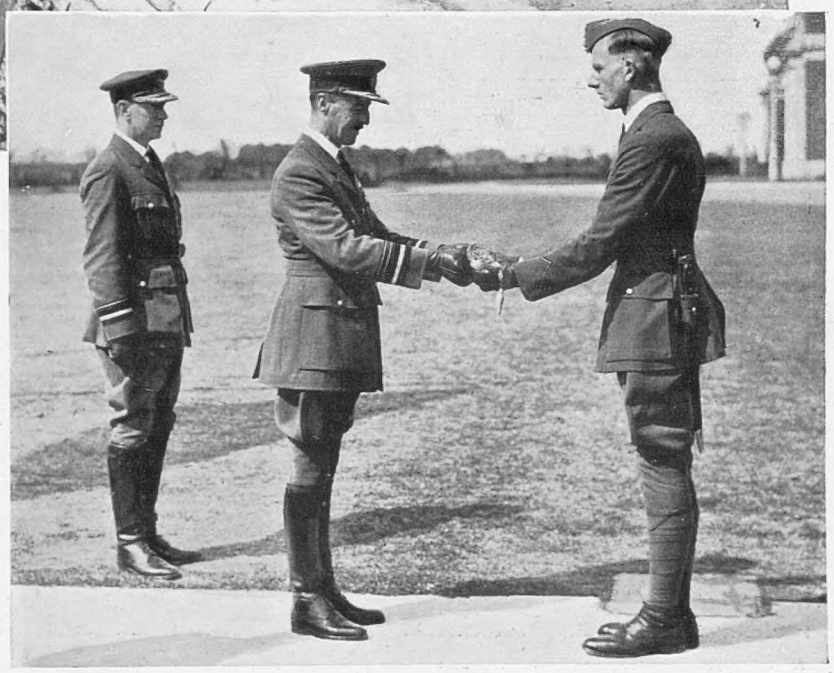
The failure of the latest American attempt to explore the stratosphere was a profound shock both to the people of the United States and to the experts employed by the Geographic Society and the U.S. Army who had for so many months planned the ascent with such care.

Every effort had been made to profit by the lessons learnt in the previous unsuccessful flight, and particular attention had been paid to eliminating structural weaknesses in the fabric of the balloon. But, as so often happens, the plans that seemed foolproof in theory went sadly awry when it came to putting them into practice, and the envelope of the giant *Explorer II* proved quite inadequate to take the strain of the 3,000,000 cub. ft. of helium with which it had been inflated. The fabric burst, and in a few seconds, the costly gas had poured out into the surrounding air.

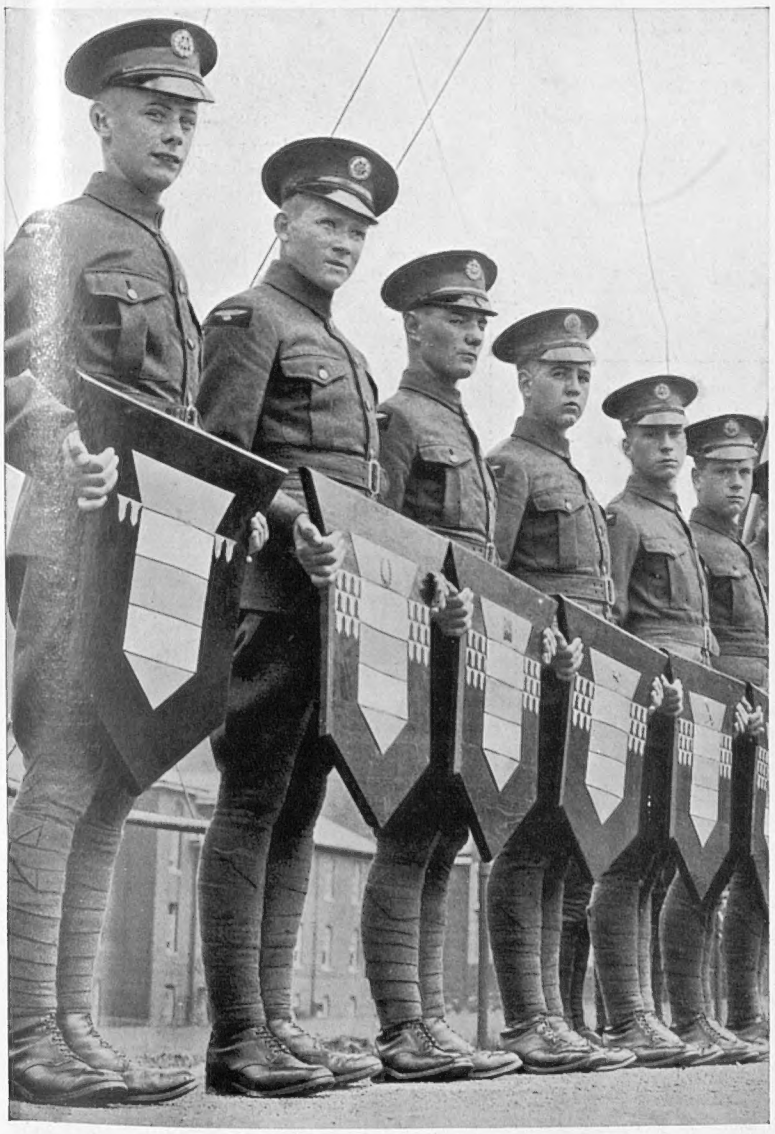
While the collapse of the balloon has been a great disappointment, there is no doubt that further attempts will soon be made, for there are many who believe that the stratosphere is the aerial highway of the future, and that research in the upper atmosphere is essential to the progress of commercial and military aviation

WITH THE SERVICES

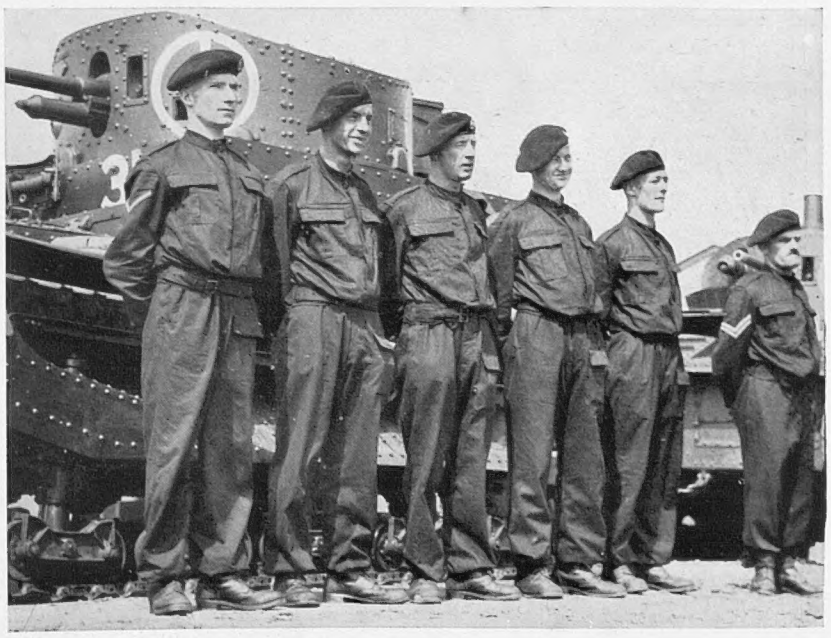
THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF PAYS A VISIT OF INSPECTION: Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd (*right*) watching instruction being given in trench building in the grounds of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where a special course of training has been held recently for a party of about two hundred and fifty officers of the Territorial Army



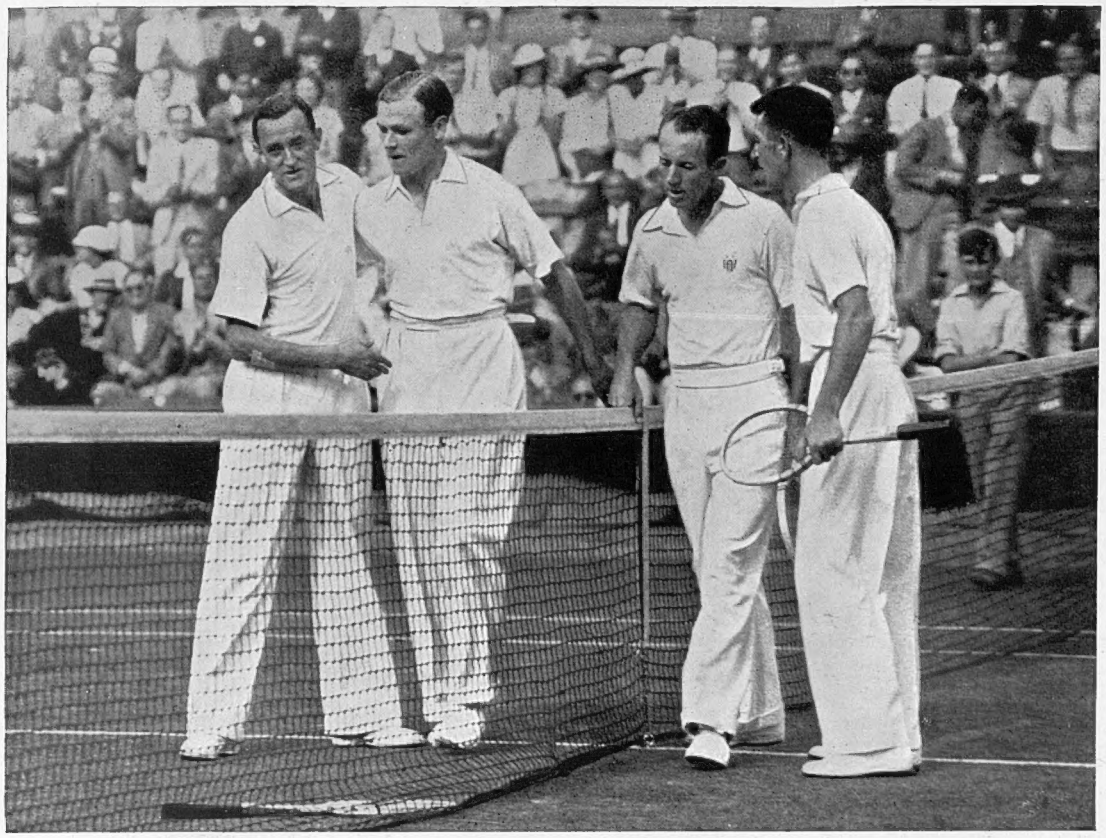
PASSING-OUT DAY AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE COLLEGE AT CRANWELL: Air Vice-Marshal Cyril L. N. Newall presenting Flight-Cadet Under-Officer Henry Everard Crichton Boxer with the Sword of Honour which is awarded to the best all-round flight cadet in the senior term



CEREMONIAL AT HALTON: Captains of the winning sports teams with the shields presented to them, a picture taken on passing-out day at the School of Technical Training for Aircraft Apprentices

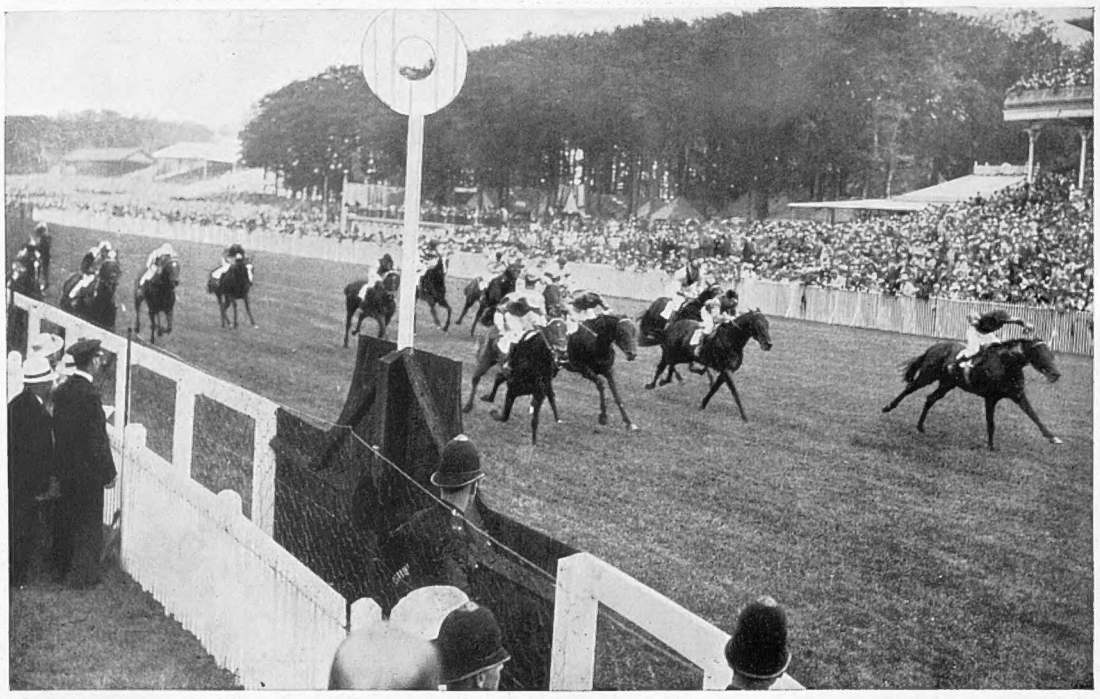


THE ALL BLACKS: Men of the Royal Tank Corps in the new black overalls which were worn for the first time a few weeks ago at the King's review of the Army at Aldershot. Previously they wore khaki



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN DUEL: G. P. Hughes (*left*) congratulating his partner, C. R. D. Tuckey, after their brilliant but unexpected victory over W. Allison and J. van Ryn (*both seen on right of net*) in the doubles match in the challenge round of the Davis Cup—a success that made certain of Great Britain retaining the famous lawn tennis trophy for yet another year. The score was 6-2, 1-6, 6-8, 6-3, 6-3, and the English pair, who had been playing together for only a few weeks, astonished the crowd by their perfect understanding and their coolness against such experienced opponents. Tuckey's smashing and return of service were particularly spectacular

A GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL: Some of the thousands of people, a number of them from the United States and the Continent, who made the annual pilgrimage on the last Sunday of July to the summit of Croagh Patrick, a sugar-loaf peak in County Mayo, to do honour to St. Patrick—the Irish patron saint who is said to have fasted there for forty days and nights. On reaching their destination the pilgrims attended mass



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: Lady Ludlow's six-year-old gelding Greenore, ridden by S. Wragg and trained by O. Bell, winning the Stewards' Cup on the opening day of the meeting. He started at odds of 7-1 but only just managed to beat his less well-fancied stable companion, Almond Hill. The favourite, Valkyrie, was unplaced

Britain's Davis Cup Triumph

Tuckey takes upon Himself the Mantle of J. C. Gregory and Proves Himself a Born Doubles Player

FIVE matches to love (the first such score for ten years)—and the Davis Cup is ours for another year. Good work, all four players—*and* Roper Barrett. The non-playing captain's share in the victory cannot be over-estimated.

It was pleasant to see Austin's two victories; his first—over Allison—because it proved that, when there is national rather than personal prestige at stake, "Bunny" can play a five-setter from 2–1 down as gamely as anyone on earth; his second, because it gave him his revenge over young Donald Budge.

Perry's two victories were pure "book of form." There is nothing one can say to Perry but "Congratulations."

But if one felicitates Perry and rejoices with Austin, what shall be said of Tuckey and Hughes? Their victory—the decisive one as it turned out—was not expected. Their most sanguine supporters offered at most 6–4 against.

But they beat the tried team of Allison and van Ryn with neither fear nor favour. If Tuckey, as the newcomer, collects the lion's share of the praise, Hughes is entitled to his due meed.

His fatal weaknesses—short lobs and indifferent services—were in abeyance. His smashes were decisive. He played the most "heady" game of the four.

Tuckey took upon himself the mantle of J. C. Gregory—virile service, flashing return of service, vicious smashing. He was far and away the most inspiring of the quartette.

Of the "old U.S. firm," one can only say that van Ryn has lost his uncanny ability of interception and Allison his former incredible ability to produce a winner at a crisis.

Actually, this Davis Cup Tourney has revealed the fatal weakness of every country but Great Britain and Australia,

Germany played von Cramm in five out of five matches. Czecho-Slovakia is, when all is said and done, mainly Menzel. America relies on Allison in both singles and doubles.

It is deplorable, but the two European countries cannot help it; there is no-one to replace either Roddy Menzel or Gottfried von Cramm.

But why J. W. Wear refused to play Wood, no one will ever know. Budge played himself into the singles, his backhand is perfect and his service, on occasions, severe. But why not have played Wood in the singles and left a fresh Allison to partner van Ryn in the doubles?

Wood, admittedly is erratic, but on his day he plays finer singles than "Old Man" Wilmer Allison, and unless America had a day when everything went right for her, America was beaten—on form—before she sent her men into court. These one-man teams are a mistake.

As for America; one word of warning. Let them save Budge and not turn him into a Vines (to turn pro. after defeats), or a Shields.

They over-play their young men and make them into tennis medlars—rotten before they are ripe.

Look at the French Musketeers—now, like the musket, alas, out-dated: they dominated the tennis firmament for a decade. In America, only Tilden lasted.

In Budge I believe they have the successor to Perry—*if* they do not play him too hard.

Now, we look forward, immediately to the Wightman Cup, ultimately to next year's championships.

The Wightman, I prophesy, will stay where it is—in America. The U.S.A. has so many second strings—"almost as good"—on whom she can call. We must rely on two doubles, one match either from Dorothy Round or Kay Stammers, and the odd single against one of the Helens. Either of our first choices is capable of victory, but women's tennis is notoriously unreliable. And climatic conditions always favour the home side.

As for the 1936 Davis Cup, it is early days to speak. But I have already hazarded a small bet on our retention. I have offered odds of five to two *on*.

G. R.

The Senior Service Holds Its Annual "At Home" at Three Ports

NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, AND CHATHAM

Thrilling Displays to be Held from August 3 to August 10

THE OLD ORDER: A delightful camera study of Nelson's flagship, *Victory*, where the grand finale will be staged on each day during Navy Week when the most famous of all signals—"England expects every man will do his duty"—will be hoisted

JACK ASHORE: Sailors playing football on one of their grounds at Plymouth, the famous West of England port which will be open to visitors from to-day until August 10. The special attraction here will be cruises in the half-scale model of *Golden Hind*, the vessel in which Drake circumnavigated the globe

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL DOCKYARD AT CHATHAM: The archway through which thousands of members of the public will be pouring during the next few days to inspect the numerous ships anchored in the Medway and the various displays which are always such a feature of Navy Week

THE COMING EXHIBITION OF CHINESE ART

A MASTERPIECE IN BRONZE: A figure of a Fu-lion which was originally in the temple of Tien-Tu in the Sian-Fu Province of China, where it played the part of a guardian animal before the Buddha. This beautiful work of art has been in various collections and recently changed hands once more on the death of the late Edith Rockefeller McCormick, of Chicago

A HORSE IN COMBAT: One of the thousand or more specimens of pottery from the collection of Mr George Eumorfopoulos, which was recently acquired by the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, and will figure prominently in the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House

Treasures from the Peking Palace

IN November next art lovers from every part of the country will be flocking to Burlington House to see the great Exhibition of Chinese Art which bids fair to be as outstanding a success as the previous Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Already preparations for the display are well advanced, and only last week a large consignment of works that are to be on show arrived from China in H.M.S. *Suffolk*, the cruiser placed at the disposal of the organisers by the British Government in order to ensure safe transit for the collection. These treasures, which come from the Palace at Peking and have never been seen before in the western world, were chosen by five art experts, including Mr. George Eumorfopoulos and Sir Percival David, who went out to China specially for the purpose. When returning from the East Sir Percival broke his journey in New York, where he made arrangements for loans from some of the more important museums and private owners. In addition to this the exhibition will be enriched by works from Sweden, Holland, Germany, and France, while, last but not least, important contributions will be made from our own country which boasts some of the finest examples of Chinese craftsmanship in the world. Although it is not possible in the short space at our disposal to give more than a bare

(Continued on p. 196)

Pictures from the British Museum collection

A PAWING HORSE in porcelain which, belonging to the T'ang Dynasty, is over 1,000 years old. There are numerous "fake antiques," which are so faultlessly carried out in the T'ang tradition and artificially "mildewed," that they have deceived many collectors

THE DRAGON and the PHOENIX

The Influence of Symbolic Animals on the Art of Ancient China

By P. JEROME WILLIS

PIECES of Chinese bronze dating back to 1,000 B.C. are included in Mr. George Eumorfopoulos's collection of Chinese art, which was recently acquired for the nation by the British Museum for the sum of £100,000.

It took Mr. George Eumorfopoulos thirty years to complete his collection, and he has sold it to the British Museum at a price far below what the objects would have fetched if they had been auctioned

His collection was unique in Europe and America and will prove invaluable to the student of Chinese art. For it was only within recent years when railway cutting in the interior of China disturbed the contents of ancient tombs, that these early ceramic wares became known. Before that, these relics of ancient civilisation were practically unknown even in China, as the ancestor cult forbade the Chinese to excavate tombs. But with the break-up of China internally and the march of commerce across her historic plains, objects were resurrected from tombs, the existence of which was unknown to earlier collectors. A large number of these found their way to the collection of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos.

The collection acquired by the British Museum includes porcelain, bronzes, jades, paintings, sculpture, and gold and silver work. They are all rare and beautiful things, somewhat puzzling in conception though simple in outline, that express a culture and civilisation that reigned supreme for over 4,000 years.

The Chinese conception of art is totally different from that of the European. Nature is his medium of expression, while man to him is an insignificant thing in the universe. The European takes man as the medium of his expression and aims at realism. Chinese art is subtle suggestion aided by symbols.

Throughout early Chinese art animals are used as symbols of suggestion. These are not animal gods, as some people seem to think, but merely symbols of divine power, which is man's to use if he will and dare. There is the broad symbol and the inner meaning to each one of them.

The first forms of Chinese expression were carvings in jade and bronze, some of which go back to 1,500 B.C. Buddhist sculpture dates to the fourth or fifth century, while painting goes back to the twelfth century. The period of the Ming dynasty (1368–1644) was rich in examples of beautiful porcelain.

Before the influence of Buddhism came to China, there were no inspirations of the natural forms in Chinese art. There were no representations of the human figure or of the vegetable kingdom. The highest attainment was the casting of bronze vessels for the ceremonial use of the Primeval Cult. Animals furnished models for decoration and the four essential creatures used in Chinese art came into origin. They are:

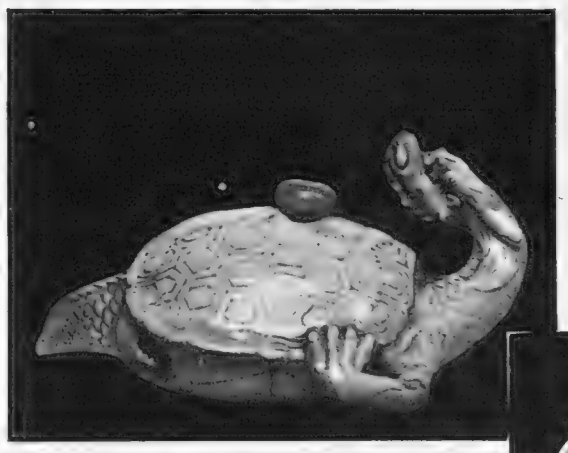
The Dragon;
The Ch'i-lin or Unicorn;
The Feng or Phœnix;
The Tortoise.

The classic description of the Lung, or dragon, is that it has "the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a crow, the neck of a snake, the belly of a frog, the scales of a carp, the claws of a hawk, and the palm of a tiger. Its beard contains a bright pearl, and its voice is like the jingling of copper pans."

Of course, a poet's licence may be presumed, as no artist could hope to delineate in one form a beast comprising in its body almost an entire zoo. But it must be remembered that all Chinese artists were primarily poets who had learnt to write and paint.

Here in Europe the dragon is always depicted as a malevolent monster, the devourer of pretty maidens and innocence and the appropriate victims of heroes. In China it is the symbol of fertility associated with floods. There are taree kinds of dragons in Chinese art, the Lung of the sky, the Li of the sea, and the Kiaou of the marshes and rivers. The Lung or dragon of the sky is generically a symbol of the East and of Springtime. It holds up the sky and gives rain to the parched agricultural land. The claws give us a clue as to what it represents. Those drawn with five claws typify the Imperial power, those with four claws the princely power, and those with three the power of the plebeians.

Here it is interesting to interpolate the



THE EARTH AND THE ARCH OF HEAVEN: The ancient and venerated tortoise, symbol of strength and longevity

origin of the Son of Heaven. According to Chinese legend, the ancestor of the first ruler of China was conceived by the fact that a celestial swallow laid an egg in the mouth of a fair and virtuous maiden. This divine origin led to the title of the Son of Heaven given to all subsequent Emperors of China.

The classic description of the Unicorn is that it has the body of a deer, sometimes covered with the scales of a fish, and the tail of an ox. It has only one horn. It is the incarnation of the five elements, water, fire, wood, metal, and earth. It is terrestial in suggestion. The Unicorn is the emblem of perfection, an entirely benevolent animal, heralds auspicious events, sits on a rock in midstream and sings very sweetly. It would not tread on growing grass and its horn is covered with flesh to show that, though ready for war, its intentions are pacific.

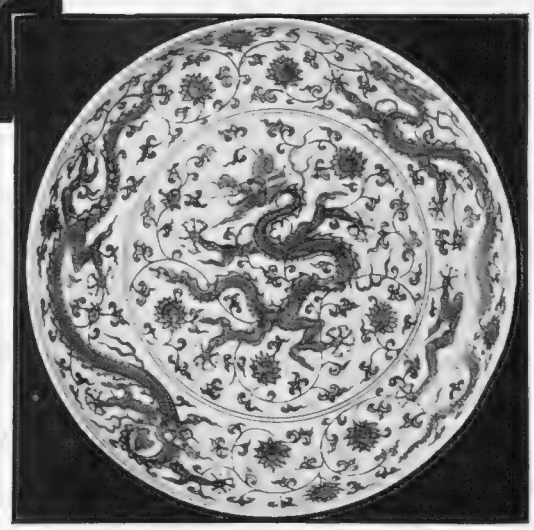
THE PHŒNIX AND THE UNICORN: The former, an archaic form of pheasant representing beauty and reproduction, the latter an incarnation of the five earthly elements, water, fire, wood, metal, and earth

Tradition states that the Unicorn was seen by Confucius, but has never appeared to lesser men.

The Feng or Phœnix in Chinese art is unlike the Western Phœnix, which consumes itself in flames to rise again from the ashes. It inhabits the highest regions of the air, and comes to earth only on auspicious occasions. In Chinese art it appears as an archaic form of pheasant, the emblem of beauty and reproduction. It is female. The classic description of it is that it possesses the head of a pheasant, the beak of a swallow, the neck of a tortoise, and the body of a dragon. It is probably derived from one of the splendid varieties of pheasant found on the banks of the Yangtse River.

In the seventh century A.D., Lady Wu became the Empress of China and adopted the Phœnix as her emblem. Generically the Phœnix is known as the Vermilion Bird, presides over the South which suggests summer, the time of fulfilment, the period of beauty and of heat.

The Tortoise, which is male in Chinese art, suggests the Arch of Heaven and in its flat body, the Earth. It is the incarnation of the Pole star. It is the emblem of strength and longevity. Its longevity is worthy of reverence. The markings on its shell have a deep significance. According to Chinese myth, a heavenly Tortoise with nine marks on its shell gave to U, the first ruler of the Hsia dynasty (2,300 B.C.) a classic work called "The Great Rules of the Annals," which is venerated in China to this day as a sacred text. The third article of this work states that to conserve peace and



"THE HEAD OF A CAMEL, THE HORNS OF A DEER, THE NECK OF A SNAKE"—these are a few of the attributes of the true Chinese dragon which was frequently represented in stone or porcelain, and symbolised fertility on land, sea, and in air

order the government should give heed to the following eight themes:

(1) Agriculture
(2) Justice
(3) Commerce
(4) Religious rites
(5) The protection of land and family
(6) To give public instruction
(7) The care of travellers and hosts
(8) The army

A perusal of these eight themes, with special attention to the order in which they are enumerated, gives a good general idea of the Chinese outlook on life and its problems.

These four, the Dragon, the Unicorn, the Phœnix and the Tortoise are the four great legendary creatures used as symbols, but the fascination of Chinese art lies in the fact that the outward appearance, however significant, is not the main point.

There is always a deeper meaning, every part of which fits in well to form a perfect whole. The subject is rather like a block puzzle.

Thus it becomes evident that the basis of Chinese art is not a matter of fantasy, but of deep thoughts and reason. The idea of beauty is founded on facts, disguised by imagination and achieved by acute vision. The result is unique, because no other art shows such exuberant imagination controlled by so pure an exactitude.

ROYAL PROGRESS

How Carol, the Third King of Rumania, has Won the Trust of his People and, in Spite of Difficulties, is Working Great Changes in the Country

By D. J. HALL

A MAMMOTH FANFARE: Peasants announcing with their great birch-bark horns the arrival of King Carol at the celebrations held at Bucharest on June 8 on the fifth anniversary of their sovereign's return from exile

IN ENGLAND we take for granted intense loyalty to the Royal Family. We are inclined to be surprised when we find its equal in another country. On the 8th of June, Rumania celebrated the fifth anniversary of her King's return from exile. In the Field of the Palace of Cotroceni in Bucharest 30,000 peasants came to express their loyalty. They were of all ages from tiny children to old men and women, and they came from every district of the Old Kingdom, the Banat, Transylvania, Bucovina, Bessarabia, and Dobrogea. Most of them had never seen Bucharest, many of them had never even seen a town. Though for several months they had rehearsed in their villages, they arrived in Bucharest only a few days before the festival. There was time for only one rehearsal *en masse*, yet, when the day arrived to which they had all been eagerly looking forward, I watched this great concourse go through its evolutions without a hitch. There was but one break. When, following the voice of the Patriarch, they recited the Lord's Prayer many dropped to their knees. Not even the presence of the King and their schooling for the great occasion could alter the habit of a lifetime. Besides the peasants there were representative bodies of Youth societies, *cercetasi* (boy scouts), *strajeri*, a similar group, and girls' societies.

THE enthusiasm that day was immense and undoubtedly genuine. Not only among the crowds but in the Ministerial and Diplomatic stands. All the time the men and women there were straining to look at the King, talking of him, admiring him. When he spoke from the Royal box (he has a powerful, ringing voice) I saw several surreptitiously wiping their eyes. And with all the organization that must have gone to the staging of the spectacle there was an air of informality about it. It was like a family reunion. Above all, there was no hint of militarism. There were not even guards about the King. It was even more impressive when I went again to the field at night. In the centre and at the four corners were bonfires. Not a seat was empty on the stands. I followed the King as he walked with his ministers from fire to fire. At one he squatted on the ground in a ring of boy scouts while some peasants performed a comic play one of them had written. At another they danced for him. The climax to the night's festivities came when, after about three hours, he reached the last bonfire.

First a few peasants began to dance a *hora*, their arms on each others' shoulders. More and more joined in till the ring of sweating, red-faced peasants was pressing the King back. He ducked under their arms and joined the fiddlers in the centre while the dancers circled around him. As it ended and he moved towards his car, the whole mass of peasants in the stand swept down like a wave, shouting wildly, carrying him forward in their surge. Ministers had their hats knocked off and were pushed out of the way. But the peasants didn't care about them. It was the King they wanted to be near, and there were no soldiers guarding him.

PHYSICAL JERKS: Peasant girls in their picturesque national costumes giving a display in the presence of King Carol at the June 8 celebrations

Now the importance of all this for Rumania lay not in its momentary impressiveness so much as in its general significance. A few years ago such a thing would have been inconceivable. The answer to why it should be so, is that the King has proved in his five years of rule that he places the welfare of the country first. He is an indefatigable worker. As far as it is within the powers of one man to do so, he endeavours to give his supervision to every detail of the country's administration. When he first returned there were many things done in his name of which he knew nothing, abuses which attached scandal to his reign. There were place-seekers in abundance, scores of men who tried to procure advancement by use of his name, hoping to make hay while his sun shone in the belief that it might not shine for long. He has done all he can to eliminate this, and, though instances of it continue, they are growing less and less.

A RED-LETTER DAY IN RUMANIAN HISTORY: King Carol receiving flags presented to him by peasants of the various districts when they assembled at Bucharest to demonstrate their loyalty. Many of them had never before visited the Capital

HE realises that he has much to learn. He was away from the country a long time, he has been back only five years. Though naturally impetuous, his mistakes are rarer than they were. He listens to his Ministers, but he is not content with that. All over the country he has his own body of workers under the Royal Foundation supported from his own purse, looking into affairs in the towns, the villages, the countryside, sending him reports, submitting suggestions. If a case requires further examination he goes to the part of the country concerned and looks into the matter himself. Though wherever he goes he is welcomed enthusiastically, he is careful that his visit is not in the nature of a royal progress. He is a man looking after his job. But though he will listen to anyone who has something useful to say, he will admit no advice which might suggest personal prejudice. The myth of Madame Lupescu's influence in politics must be finally abolished. She has not and never has had any say in the King's political decisions. His private life, which is the concern of no one but himself, has never since he became King infringed on his public life. Such scandals as have arisen have been the fruit of foreign propaganda which Rumanians are temperamentally disinclined to deny. Temperamentally, because it is part of their philosophy not only to leave well alone, but also evil if it happens to be something, such as propaganda, which is of no personal interest to them. It takes a great deal to disturb their equanimity; one might call it their laziness, but there are happier words, such as contentment with their lot, which is a great deal better than that of most European countries.

THE amount of work which the King takes upon himself requires a reserve of energy. He is a tall, powerfully-built man and looks extremely healthy. He has deep-set eyes under thick eyebrows and a clear, fresh complexion. Much of his popularity lies in the charm of his personality, he has the facility of talking with his subjects, or anyone else, as an equal without the man with whom he is talking ever forgetting that he is a King. On the other hand his temper is short. The study in which he works is in a wing of the palace. It is small, lined with books and has for furniture only his desk, a side table, and about four chairs. The only window is to the left of his desk. When he receives he sits half-turned from the window so that the light is on his visitor's face. It is said that when he is bored he looks out of the window. "He looked out of the window" has often been sufficient answer to an anxious question!

His study, and the plain furnishings of all that part of the palace where his work is done, is paralleled in his home life. He does not live in the palace but in a small house he has built in the garden at the back. There he lives alone with his son, Michael. They are devoted to one another, though this does not prevent the King from being a strict father. The Voëvod Michael is being

(Continued on p. 196)

THE NUNS OF TIGANESTI

Life in a Rumanian Convent of the Independent Orthodox Faith

THE PRIORESS of the convent, whose conduct is ruled not by the Pope but by the Patriarch in Bucharest, who is at the head of the Independent Orthodox Church of Rumania. Recent negotiations for closer relations between the Churches of England and Rumania will be furthered by the coming visit of the Patriarch to a London conference, as guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury

CARRYING THE HOLY LIGHT, the nuns of Tiganesti process round the church after having received the Mass for the day, which may not be administered by the Prioress, but by a priest, who is the only exception to the rule that no man may enter the enclosed part of the convent. The Orthodox Church allows its priests to marry

RICHLY DECORATED with ornaments and pictures, the basilika is filled with the precious symbols and relics of the orthodox religion. Above is the Morning Service held at the private altar, and conducted by a visiting priest

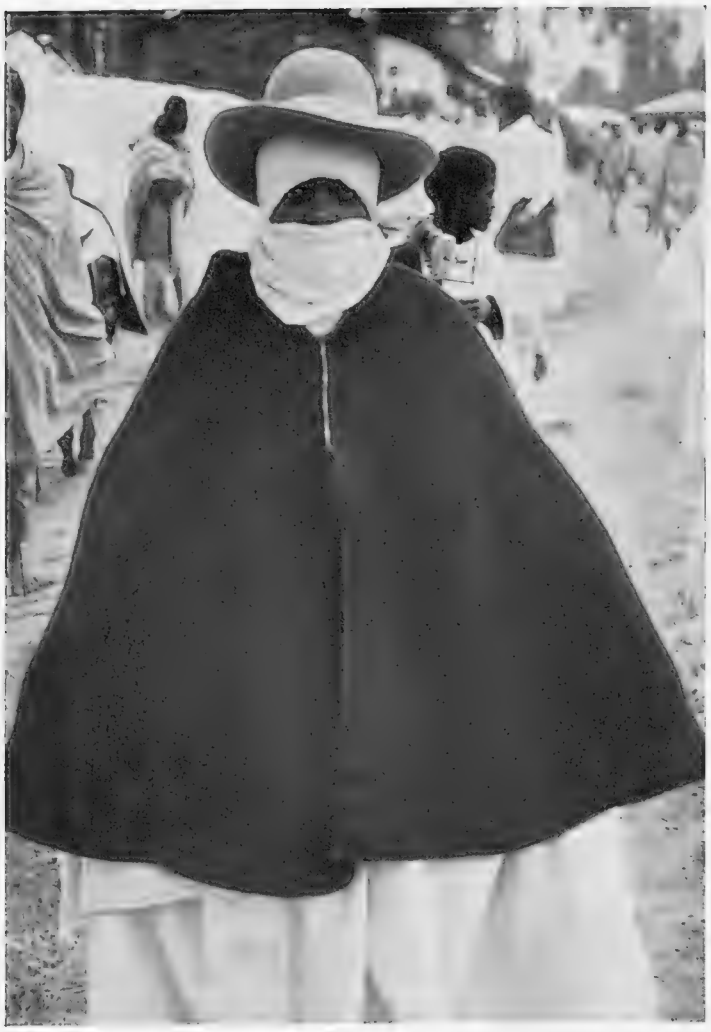
INSTRUCTING ORPHANS and children of the poor is an important branch of the nuns' work, which is often carried on in their own cottages, where they are allowed to receive visitors of all kinds, including friends and relations. This independent and individual mode of life is similar to that of the old Oriental convents, and differs greatly from the community life that characterised the medieval monasteries

AT THE GARDEN GATE of one of the 200 cottages built round the church on the Convent estate, each of which belongs to and is worked by one nun, who does her own housekeeping

TWICE A DAY the nuns enter the handsome doorway of the basilika for divine service. All the work connected with the convent is done entirely by the nuns themselves

ABYSSINIA THROUGH THE

A Short History of the Country from the Reign of Maqueda, Queen of Sheba, to the Advent of Haile-Selassie I, the Present Ruler



STREET SCENE: A woman of Addis Ababa in a dress typical of that worn by Abyssinians of the upper classes. Such garments at first appear to be quite unsuitable in a country lying so near the equator, until it is remembered that the bulk of the population inhabits regions that are between 3,000 and 9,000 ft. above sea level

HISTORICAL research and scientific analysis have to a large extent demolished the almost fantastic legends on which the history of Abyssinia is based, but even if the dubious lore is entirely disregarded, the story of the country's trials and triumphs throughout the centuries still remains one of the most fascinating that the world has to offer.

As often happens amongst coloured races, where dreams and phantasy so easily replace reality, the Abyssinians trace their origins to almost unknown ages. It is typical of them that their claim that the ancestors of their dynasty include King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba is not regarded as a poetical myth but as solid fact.

It is therefore very difficult, working on Abyssinian evidence, to separate history from legend, truth from invention. What we do know is that the country had, centuries ago, reached its zenith of splendour and civilisation and has since fallen back into semi-barbarism and obscurity.

How old is the country? Who were its first inhabitants? It is certain that long before the rule of the Pharaohs, before the civilisation of the Greeks and the Romans, the Abyssinians were flourishing and powerful. The Ethiopians (the word means "men burnt by the sun") were known in the Bible as "The Cush," and the empire extended from the first cataract of the Nile to Equatorial Africa.

Homer, Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny referred to "the most distant inhabitants of the earth who live in the most southern countries" while Diodorus called the Ethiopians "the oldest men on earth."

Some of these historians attribute the long-preserved independence of the Abyssinians to their fear of God, but the view of modern strategists will probably be that their natural geographical defences, rather than faith, have been the explanation of their impregnable position.

On the other hand, the peaceful immigration into Abyssinia of people from so many different races has resulted in the ethnical mosaic known as the Ethiopian Empire.

Noah, according to the Bible, had three sons. Sem went to Asia and founded the Asiatic race; Japhet went to Europe; and Ham went to Africa and founded the black race. It was Ham who, according to local legend, was the first inhabitant of the plateau between the Nile and the Indian Ocean, part of which is now called Abyssinia.

Little or nothing is known of the monarchs who ruled in Abyssinia before the Queen of Sheba. Aroe, who lived seven centuries before Solomon, according to legend, was the first king, and reputed traces of him have been found. But of the rulers between him and the Queen of Sheba, even the Abyssinians, romantics as they are, know nothing.

It is with the advent of Maqueda, Queen of Sheba, that legend, and to a certain extent history, begins. Sheba (or Sabaeia) was in Southern Arabia. Abyssinia was its colony; later Abyssinia became the seat of monarchy. There is no need to dwell on the extraordinary beauty, culture and power with which posterity has endowed this most romantic of Queens.

The story, which I was told in Addis Ababa and is accepted in Abyssinia as strict truth is this: Maqueda heard of the fame of Solomon, King of Jerusalem and decided to visit him in the hope that he could cure her of a foot disease that caused her to limp slightly. Followed by a vast retinue of slaves and bearing gifts of great value she went to the great king. When she saw him her illness at once disappeared. Solomon's interest was not entirely platonic. He fell in love with Maqueda and invited her to become one of his wives.

Apparently Maqueda accepted the offer, for the legend goes on to relate that a son was born to the two monarchs. Then Maqueda thought it time to return to her own country. The child followed her to Abyssinia escorted by a retinue bearing a colossal load of precious stones which were subsequently buried in the mountains. It has never been found but many explorers, believing the story, have searched for it even in modern times.

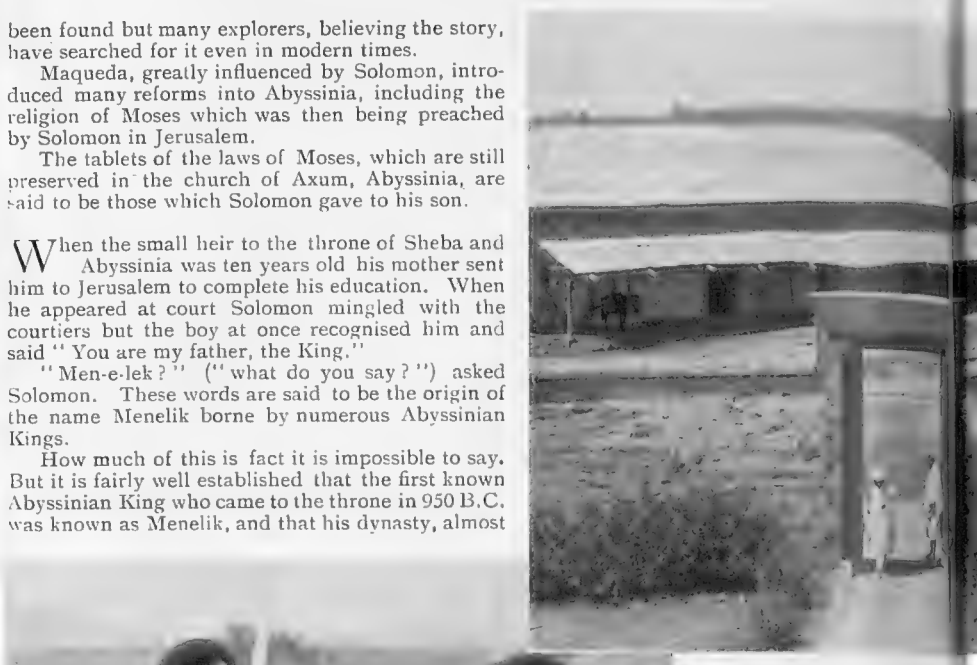
Maqueda, greatly influenced by Solomon, introduced many reforms into Abyssinia, including the religion of Moses which was then being preached by Solomon in Jerusalem.

The tablets of the laws of Moses, which are still preserved in the church of Axum, Abyssinia, are said to be those which Solomon gave to his son.

When the small heir to the throne of Sheba and Abyssinia was ten years old his mother sent him to Jerusalem to complete his education. When he appeared at court Solomon mingled with the courtiers but the boy at once recognised him and said "You are my father, the King."

"Men-e-lek?" ("what do you say?") asked Solomon. These words are said to be the origin of the name Menelik borne by numerous Abyssinian Kings.

How much of this is fact it is impossible to say. But it is fairly well established that the first known Abyssinian King who came to the throne in 950 B.C. was known as Menelik, and that his dynasty, almost without interruption has ruled to the present day. Christ was born while Bazent was on the Abyssinian throne and under Zoscales, who followed him, the country knew a period of great wealth and culture, partly due to Greek influence and partly due to the Jewish invasion.



ROYAL RETAINERS: Two workers in the Emperor's household. The man on the left, wearing sandals and carrying a helmet, is of considerably higher rank than his companion

It was in the third century of the era that King Elsemera adopted the Christian faith. A famous merchant, Frumentius, who had been ordained by the Patriarch Athanasius of Alexandria, arrived at the Abyssinian Court and the King was so attracted by his learning that he appointed him court archivist. This gave Frumentius the chance of converting to his faith the most influential members of the royal retinue.

Later, Frumentius, after he had been consecrated bishop of Axum (the old metropolis whose ruins can still be seen near Adowa) induced the King to decree that Christianity be the only religion allowed in Abyssinia. A thread of blue wool worn round the neck was the symbol of the new religion and it has remained the sign of Christianity to the present day. It is still to be seen in the country.

Invested by him with ecclesiastical as well as with temporal functions the King—as a descendant from Solomon—thus became an almost divine personality, with supreme and dictatorial power.

But the spread of the new religion, in the best historical tradition, was not peaceful. As always, the new ideas met with stern opposition, particularly from Islam. So strong, in fact, was Muhammadanism, that it spread from Axum the capital, to the plateau, a stronghold of Christianity. The King was dethroned and an Islamic usurper reigned for a time. The Islamic revolt was of short duration and soon the ancient dynasty was restored.

But the Islamic revolt threatened to break out again until the Portuguese explorer, Pedro de Corvilham, begged the assistance of the Abyssinians in the war the King of Portugal was waging against the Turks. The Turks were defeated; then ten years later they invaded Abyssinia. The ambitions of the chiefs of various tribes caused the war to be prolonged and some of them broke their ties with Abyssinia, declared themselves independent autonomous States and negotiated trade treaties with England.

It looked as if the Abyssinian Empire had come to an end. But there was a dramatic change in the middle of the nineteenth century. Kassia Hailu, the son of a peasant who had risen to become an officer in the army of the King of Coggian (whose daughter he had married) headed a rebellion against his sovereign, and after a series of sweeping victories succeeded in uniting

EXODUS: A 3rd-class carriage terminus of the railway resident in Abyssinia have

CENTURIES :

By RONALD DE LAUDIER

Abyssinia again and becoming emperor under the title of Theodore II.

It is with this new monarch that modern history begins for Ethiopia and that the country comes in close touch with Europe.

A great work of reform was started by the new King; the various provinces were given new chiefs and a genuine fight against slavery and against cruelties to prisoners was started by him; a new criminal law was passed placing justice in the hands of regular courts and the Christian faith became again the only religion of the State.

A great believer in agriculture as a basis of national wealth he preferred peace to war; but his unlimited ambition, his ignorance, and his belief in an almost supernatural power given to him by God was the cause of his ruin.

By his wholesale imprisonment of British subjects he incurred the displeasure of the British Government, and General Napier was sent with a strong force to subdue him. Incidentally, in considering the prospects of a close battle between Abyssinians and Europeans it is as well to remember not only Adowa but also Magdala.

Napier's expedition landed at Zoulah in 1867 and nearly a year was spent in constructing piers and a railway, twelve miles long, from the port to an inland camp; Napier also built reservoirs and water condensers. His men marched over 400 miles to Magdala, over mountainous country that reached a height of 7,200 feet, and they gained a signal victory over the Abyssinian troops at Magdala in 1868. Theodore, who was hemmed in on all sides by the British troops, preferred death to capture, and committed suicide.

He was followed by Johannes II who removed the capital to Adowa. But Menelik, King of Shoa, was watching and waiting for his opportunity and when Johannes fell in battle against the dervishes, Menelik seized the throne and was crowned Emperor. Once again there was a united Abyssinia.

IN THE HEART OF THE CAPITAL: Outhouses within the walls at the rear of the Emperor's palace at Addis Ababa. The palace itself is imposing, and contrasts strangely with these somewhat unpretentious buildings

THE KING OF KINGS: Haile-Selassie I, (formerly known as Ras Tafari) upon whom the eyes of the whole world are at present focussed. He was crowned Emperor of Ethiopia in 1930 and since that time has made a determined attempt, in the face of the opposition of a powerful section of the nobles and clergy, to westernise the institutions of his country and to set up an efficient parliamentary system

It was under Menelik that Italian colonial aspirations first began to have their effect in the country. Italy already owned Assab and Massahoua and they had advanced and occupied Keren and Asmara. The Abyssinian reply was swift and deadly. They met the Italian army at Adowa and almost annihilated them. About 10,000 men were killed and 3,000 were captured. Those who escaped carried back to Italy tales of horror that have lived in Italian memory and inspired, to a large extent, the ambition to revenge Adowa.

After Adowa peace was made, and Menelik, assisted by his second wife, Queen Tai-tu, ruled the country till his death in 1913. He appointed as his heir the young Prince Liff-Jasu, his grandson. The Queen, who had dreamt of becoming a second Queen of Sheba, was bitterly disappointed; and, aided by the clergy, she succeeded in overthrowing the young Prince. He was captured by Ras Tafari Maconnen and imprisoned in the Fort of Salale.

on a train about to leave Addis Ababa for the eastern at Djibouti, the port of French Somaliland. Many foreigners been returning home along this route during recent weeks

The next monarch was Princess Zeuditu, third daughter of the late Emperor, and she was assisted by Ras Tafari as regent. While the Queen represented the more conservative body of opinion, Ras Tafari was the representative of the more progressive tendency. Soon two different currents developed inside the State: one, headed by the Queen— represented by the "old Ethiopians," the other—headed by the Regent Ras Tafari—represented by the "young Ethiopians."

It has been the fight for power between these two groups, which still exist, that has resulted in so much of the internal trouble in Abyssinia and in the state of anarchy which is still much in evidence to-day.

Ras Tafari made an extensive tour of Europe; he visited Rome, Paris, and London, and succeeded in getting his country admitted to the League of Nations and recognised in the eyes of the world as an important power for the first time since the early splendour of the country in the almost mythical past.

Ras Tafari dismissed most of the Ministers, he captured and imprisoned on a small island Ras Hailu—the old and powerful Ras who had tried to bring back to the throne the deposed Ligg-Yasu, and ruled practically as a dictator under the helpless eyes of the weak and sick queen. In 1930 Zeuditu died, and Ras Tafari became King. He took the title of Haile Selassie I, and was crowned in the presence of representatives of all the great world Powers.

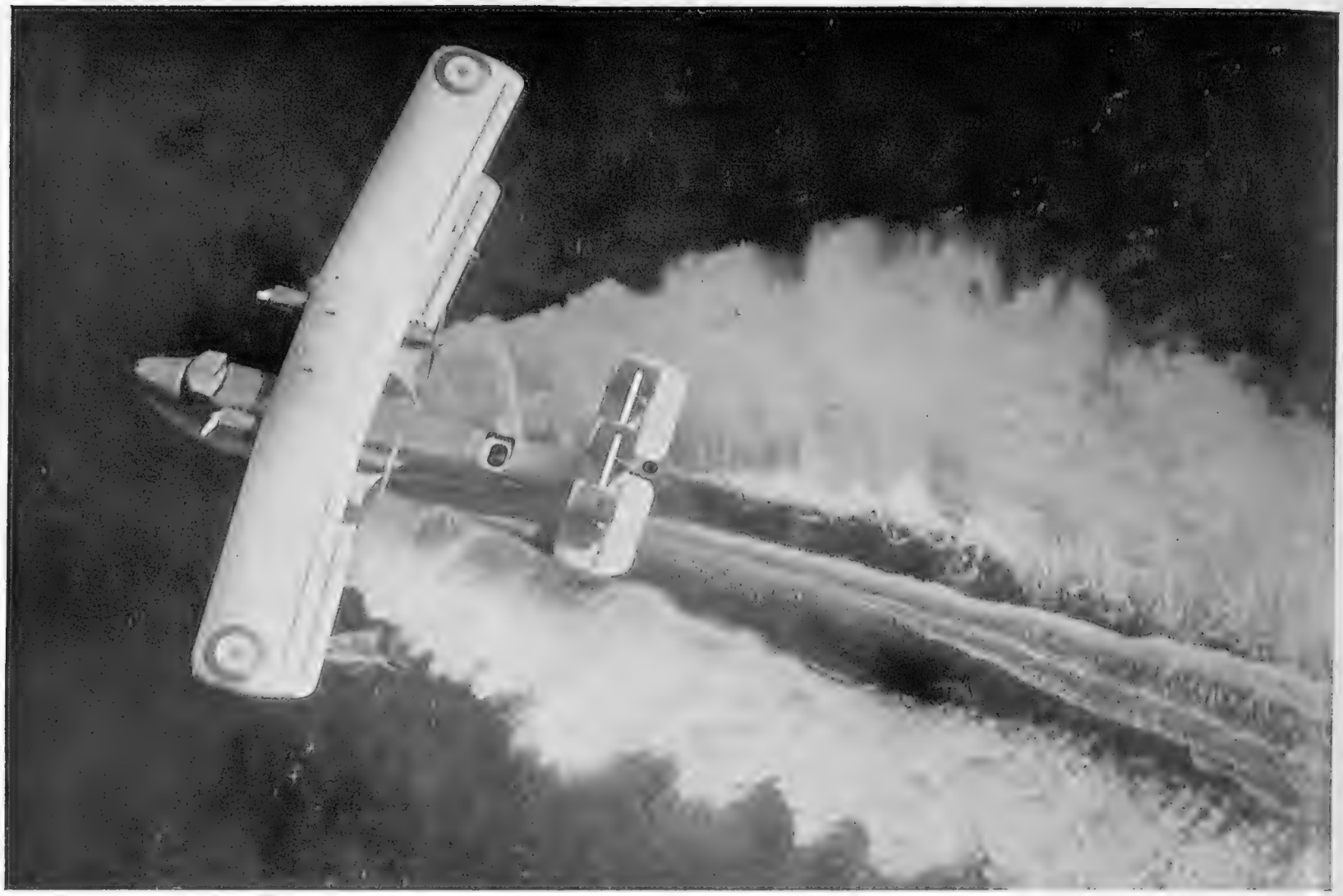
Rather taller than the average size, powerfully built, with a heavy black beard, and mysterious deep eyes, there is an almost Biblical expression in this king who seldom smiles and whose features could hardly be compared with those of the fiery and restless Dejass Tafari of years ago, the governor of the province of Harrar. Men age quickly in Abyssinia, and even Emperors are no exception to the common rule.

Visitors who have seen him frequently have noticed on him lately an expression of lassitude and fatigue which strangely contrasts with that of only a few years ago, at the time of his coronation. Recent events have no doubt contributed to this change in his physical appearance. Like the officer in command of a big ship who first sees the approaching of the storm, the emperor must have felt for some considerable time that the clouds of a great war were accumulating on the blue sky of his empire.

But he will put up a great fight when the moment comes. If his predecessor has been called the Bismarck of his country, the new Emperor has often been compared to a Garibaldi of the black race.

This is the man in whose hands Abyssinia's future has been placed and against whom the soldiers of Fascist Italy may soon be called to march.

THE SQUARE OF THE MONOLITHS: Ancient monuments in the old town of Axum, which was once the capital of a kingdom, and is now in the modern Abyssinian province of Tigré. Some of the ruins bear inscriptions, from which it appears that the Axumite Empire extended over Ethiopia and even over Yemen and Saba in Arabia. It is believed that this was the farthest point southward that Greek civilisation ever penetrated



POWER: A Singapore flying boat, with the Prince of Wales on board, taking-off for Calshot from Guernsey after His Royal Highness's recent visit to the Channel Isles

The Progress of the Flying Boat

A Survey of the Tremendous Advances that Have Been Made Since the War Years

By C. D. PALMER

THE FIRST flying boat was built by Mr. Glenn Curtis in the United States in 1911–12, and one of his boats was brought to England a year or so later. From it were derived the first flying boats supplied to the British Navy.

During the war flying boats were developed intensively, and were used in the North Sea and round the coasts of the British Isles for reconnaissance, anti-submarine patrol, and shipping protection. War-time necessity gave such an impetus to flying-boat design that at the Armistice England was pre-eminent in the design and construction of these craft.

In the post-war period of depression when the R.A.F. was cut to the bone, flying boats were of less importance than other types of aircraft, and their development was neglected by the authorities. A number of the firms who had built them during the war went out of business, but three old-established aircraft firms continued to build them in the face of every discouragement.

These firms, confident in the future of these craft, spent large sums in experiments with little support from the Air Ministry and it is thanks to their persistence that this country obtained a lead in technical development.

To-day flying boats are coming into their own both for military and civil purposes. At home there are R.A.F. squadrons of these machines at Felixstowe, Calshot, and Pembroke; and abroad boat squadrons are stationed at Singapore, Basra, and Malta. Imperial Airways too use passenger carrying boats between Brindisi, Athens, and Egypt and there is talk of using them much more extensively on the Far Eastern and African routes.

The military flying boat of to-day is far removed from the clumsy wooden boats of the war. The modern boat is designed for long distance open sea work as well as coast defence, and can operate as a self-contained unit with living accommodation for its crew. It is built entirely of metal and can carry a heavy bomb load or a torpedo, and is well armed with machine guns to repel any attack by hostile aircraft. The latest models also carry an automatic gun firing 1½-lb. shells.

Though these big boats may appear clumsy in the air, and because of their great size seem comparatively slow, they are, in fact, capable of quite high speeds even when compared with big military land machines.

Pride of place amongst British flying boats is held by the huge Short "Sarafand" which led the parade of flying boats at the R.A.F. Display. Powered by six Rolls-Royce water-cooled engines developing 930 h.p. each, set in tandem pairs in three nacelles, this machine, the largest British boat, can fly at 150 m.p.h. yet it weighs 31 tons and carries a normal petrol load of 2,112 gallons which can be increased in special circumstances by another 1,272 gallons. Its range carrying full military load is 1,450 miles which gives an ample margin for non-stop flights between England and Gibraltar, the nearest British station on the route to Africa and the East.

The metal hull provides accommodation for ten men. In the bow compartment is mounted a machine gun, or, alternatively, a 1½-pounder quick-firer. Mooring gear is also carried in this compartment. Immediately aft of the bow compartment is the pilot's cockpit which is totally enclosed and has a sliding roof and windows. An automatic robot pilot is installed.

Under the pilot's compartment is a passage way leading from the bow to the wardroom. Here are mounted the navigator's chart, board, and table, and the engineer's control panels. A roomy compartment between the main wing spars is normally used as the officers' quarters, and is fitted with four folding bunks and a table. Next door, on the starboard side is a drying cupboard; to port is the cooking and domestic equipment. Immediately aft again are the crew's quarters, fitted similarly to the officers' room. Between them and the midship gun positions is a compartment with two folding bunks; stowage room for stretchers, spare airscrews, tool kit, and suitcases, and a small work bench with vice. In the roof is a large hatch through which a spare engine can be lowered on to supports.

Aft of the midship gun positions is a lavatory and additional stowage space. A walkway gives access to the machine-gun position at the extreme stern of the hull. The nine stations on the boat are linked up by telephone.

The "Sarafand" is, of course, exceptional in size and carrying capacity. The majority of flying boats are a good deal smaller, but all British service boats are designed for open sea work and are equipped to operate as completely self-contained units.

For example, the Supermarine "Scapa" which is now going into service in squadrons, is delivered to overseas stations by air. A typical journey was made when one of these boats was being delivered to Malta, when it flew there from England with only one halt, at Marseilles, and averaged nearly 120 m.p.h. for the 1,500-mile journey. It carries a crew of five and is used in the R.A.F. for reconnaissance, bombing, torpedo, transport, and navigational duties.

Its successor the Supermarine "Stranraer" has recently undergone exhaustive trials, which it passed most successfully at the Felixstowe experimental station. This boat has radial air-cooled engines and can fly with only one of them working. Its internal accommodation is more ample than any of its forerunners and it has a gunner's cockpit on the extreme rear point of the hull between the rudders so that the gunner has a completely unobstructed field of fire, making it a most formidable adversary for an attacking machine.

FOLLOWING THE ALL-RED-ROUTE TO THE EAST: Mechanics engaged in making final adjustments to the flying boat before its departure last week on a flight from Mount Batten, Plymouth, to Singapore. All the stopping places en route are in British territory or at bases under British control

(*Continued on p.* 196)

More Italian Troops Leave for the Fever-ridden Coasts of East Africa

THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN IMBROGLIO

An Impression of Addis Ababa During the Height of the Rains

OUTWARD BOUND: Men waving from the decks of the *Vulcania* as the vessel left Messina, Sicily, with further detachments of troops to swell the ever-growing ranks of the army that Signor Mussolini is massing in Italy's East African possessions bordering on Abyssinia. There are now said to be between a quarter of a million and three hundred thousand troops assembled in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, but a high percentage of them has been incapacitated by fever and heat. The families of those who have died have been indemnified, and, according to a recently published report, some have received sums in excess of £500

THE STREETS AWASH: A typical scene in the Abyssinian capital during the rainy season which lasts from April to September and results in many of the roads becoming impassable, and the consequent dislocation of communications.

Addis Ababa is situated at a height of 8,000 feet, and conditions there at this time of the year are infinitely better than in the valleys where the heat and moisture are almost suffocating and there is an ever-present danger of sickness

"SHE WALKS THE WATERS LIKE A THING OF LIFE"

A fine action picture looking forward along *Westward* when the yacht was on a reaching course with her lee rail awash

AMERICAN INVADER

Mr. G. Lambert's *Yankee*, one of the fastest yachts in the United States, which has been racing in English waters this season and, now that her crew is settling down to the altered conditions on this side of the Atlantic, is beginning to reveal her best form. Note how her elongated bows act as a substitute for a bowsprit

WHITE WINGS AT COWES: Some Famous Yachts in Action

A view of the King's *Britannia*, which has now been racing for forty-two years, showing the crew hauling on the mainsheet and two men at the wheel one of whom is Major Sir Philip Hunloke. Although the rigging has been modernised, it will be seen that this yacht still carries a bowsprit—a feature which is entirely absent from most boats of her class

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

Setting sails and adjusting gear on the *Lyruna*, a British twelve-metre yacht of the International Yacht Racing Union. *On left*—Mr. R. C. Fairey's *Shamrock V* becalmed when running with spinnaker set

THE MORNING OF THE RACE

GRACE PERSONIFIED: Six-metre craft of the International Yacht Racing Union running with spinnakers set. The letter "K" on the sails indicates that they are British

The Evolution of the Racing Yacht

Improvements in the Design of Sailing Vessels Largely Brought About by the Study of Aeronautics

By T. W. MACALPINE

BETWEEN 1906 and 1914 the largest racing cutters were limited for practical reasons to about 75 ft. waterline, for racing craft carried relatively a much larger sail-spread than they do now. In those days masts were becoming very high, but rather flimsy; yards and spars were growing long and heavy, and the individual sails assuming unwieldly proportions. Accordingly, the risks of accidents to spars, sails, and rigging were becoming menacing, and also any cutter exceeding the above figure required a very large racing crew, and, from every point of view, was expensive and very troublesome to run.

It is true that, in yet earlier times, much larger cutters were not uncommon, of which, by the way, the King's *Britannia*, built in 1893, and of 88 ft. waterline, has been converted to a modern rig and competes successfully with the latest craft. However, yachts of the 'nineties and before those years had a relatively lower but broader sail-plan with heavier and somewhat stronger masts.

But, between 1906 and 1914, the biggest racing cutters were closely 75 ft. on waterline; 110 ft. overall; 20 ft. extreme width (beam); 175 tons Thames measurement; and sail area, about 9,000 sq. ft. Compare the latest big Bermudian racing cutter built in this country: *Endeavour*, which is 83 ft. on waterline; 128 ft. overall; 22 ft. beam; 205 tons Thames; and has sail area of 7,550 sq. ft. The hull of the latter craft is, as we see, appreciably larger in every particular and yet she has considerably less sail area than the former, but, notwithstanding that apparent handicap, she is faster on every point of sailing.

This is the signal development of the racing yacht, which has taken place mainly within these post-war years, and it is due in no small measure to the extensive study of aeronautics which the advent of the aeroplane has occasioned.

In those pre-war times and, in fact, during a few years after the war, every racing cutter had a gaff mainsail and a separate topsail above it, but such sails have disappeared from "thoroughbred" craft and, in their place, we find a single triangular sail known as a "Bermudian" mainsail which, by the way, furnishes the sole reason for these craft being called "Bermudian cutters."

Where yachts have been converted from gaff-mainsail and separate topsail to a Bermudian mainsail the latter has almost invariably given better results even though appreciably less in total area than those two sails together.

Again, the lower and upper edges of those older sails were rigidly laced to booms, gaffs and yards, an arrangement that prevented the canvas assuming that curvature or "flow," as it is called, which permits of the wind flowing over the sail with fullest effect.

But, by adopting the one-piece Bermudian mainsail, those disturbing and cumbrous gaffs, yards, and all the gear and tophamper they involved, have now disappeared, and the foot of the mainsail, instead of being rigidly laced to a round mainboom, is now permitted to move under control across the top of a wide and flat "Park Avenue" boom and thus the flow of the sail throughout its whole length from head to foot has been rendered fuller, more uniform, and, in consequence, much more effectual.

By the way, the older cutter usually had as many as six spars all told: mainboom, a heavy maingaff high aloft, two yards to the topsail or, in lieu of one, an extended mast, a bowsprit, and a spinnaker boom. But the modern Bermudian cutter has no more than two: mainboom and spinnaker boom—surely a remarkable transformation in so short a time.

Development has also been proceeding in the sails before the mast—jib, jibtopsail, foresail—the headsails, as these are called.

GOING ALOFT: Climbing up the steel mast of one of the big "J" class yachts

The reader will doubtless remember that Mr. Sopwith devised last year a quadrilateral or double-clewed jib, which has the advantage of being more effectively trimmed to the wind than the ordinary jib of triangular shape.

But the whole arrangement of the headsails is in a stage of transition; there is now a definite tendency to reduce their number by setting only two instead of three as heretofore. For, although each of the three headsails is individually very useful, nevertheless when sailing close to the wind, they exercise collectively a very disturbing influence.

And then, it appears, that the Genoa jib has come to stay. In this connection the reader may recall that a yacht, when sailing close to the wind in a *good breeze* sets as a rule comparatively narrow headsails; but, should an alteration of the vessel's course, say, at a mark, or a change in the direction of the wind, bring the breeze less sharply from ahead, then it is customary to substitute wider and fuller headsails for the narrower ones. However, when sailing fairly close in a *light breeze* it has been found in recent times that the Genoa jib is very effectual, and accordingly one now sees this enormous single jib more frequently in use.

The spinnaker also is undergoing a change; this large balloon-like sail, which is set across the hull when "running" (before the wind), had, until comparatively recent times, a rather angular head, but it is now becoming clear that a spinnaker, if it is to be really efficient, must have a large and rounded head tending, in fact, to assume a parachute-like appearance.

In conclusion, it can be said that modern sails are, on the whole, narrower, but loftier than those of days gone by, and that they exercise more driving force and relatively less heeling effect.

This has enabled the yacht designer to produce a form of hull, such as *Endeavour's* or *Yankee's*, which is finer, more drawn out and streamlined or, in a word, more lance-like than that of the yacht of 1906 to 1914.

COWES FROM THE CLOUDS: "J" Class boats passing *Hussar*, one of the largest yachts in the world, at the start of the race for the Queen Mary's Cup—a contest confined to craft owned by members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and instituted when this restriction was removed from the King's Cup

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY

Personalities at the Last Important Function of a Brilliant Season

A NOTABLE PAIR: Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Miss Edith Sitwell, the brother and sister who are leaders of the anti-traditional movement in poetry, strolling through the grounds of the Palace. The latter wore a strikingly individual costume

THEIR MAJESTIES' GUESTS ARRIVE: Delightful summer frocks worn by visitors to the Royal Garden Party which was held at Buckingham Palace on Thursday of last week and officially brought to a close the most brilliant London season of the post-war years. The sun shone throughout the afternoon but fortunately for those who attended the heat was tempered by a pleasant breeze

THE QUEEN RECEIVES: Her Majesty, who looked extremely well in a dress of ivory net applique, seen with the Prince of Wales among the vast throng on the Palace lawns. *On left*—THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE: Princess Elizabeth accompanying her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of York. She wore rose-pink organdie—a shade that suits her to perfection

EARLY ARRIVALS

Two pictures taken outside the Palace on the afternoon of the garden party. Four generations of the Royal family were present for, besides nine-year-old Princess Elizabeth, the youngest of the group, the Duke of Connaught, the King's uncle, who is now in his eighty-sixth year, was also with Their Majesties

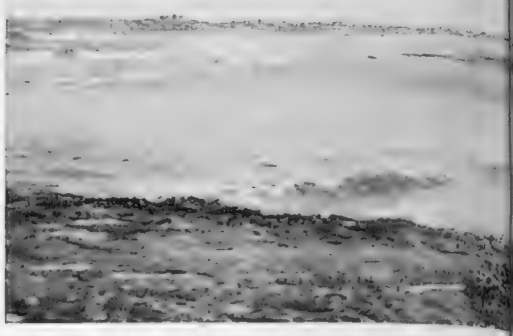
A STRIKING QUARTETTE

THE CALL OF

Golden Sands and A Gallery of Unnamed

IN A COIGN OF THE CLIFFS

This little beach is rock-strewn, but the tide is covering a beautiful expanse of sand—ideal for basking on a broiling August day



WHERE ALBION'S WHITE WALLS TOWER HIGH

Firm sand shaped artistically by the elements, a wide bay, and a bold sloping headland combine to create an attractive seaside scene

TWIN BAYS OF AZURE BLUE

A stretch of coast that many will recognise, and which those who have once seen it in its summer glory never forget

MUSIC OF THE SEA: The surf breaks on the sloping beach, then, with the backward rush of the water, comes the familiar sound of rattling pebbles

The pictures shown on these pages have each been chosen because they represent some delightful piece of undisturbed coastal scenery. No names are given, as it may interest some of our readers to spend a few

THE SUMMER SEA

Rocky Shores: Beauty Spots

The headland rises sheer and defiant against the sea, but in the foreground the shore shelves ever so gradually and the crisp little waves break but gently on the beach

RIBBED BY WIND AND TIDE

An alluring glimpse of sea and shore on a famous part of our coasts

FRAMED IN AN ARCH OF ROCK

"ONLY THE SUN AND THE RAIN COME HITHER": Where a difficult cliff-path leads down to a romantic but unfrequented shore

"THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR": Before wandering out on the wide shore the children test out their foothold

"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN THE PATHLESS WOODS; THERE IS A RAPTURE ON THE LONELY SHORE": These views (*above and on right*) show a stretch of coast whose beauties can be enjoyed undisturbed by those adventurous enough to find it. Parties of trippers never come here

moments puzzling out where these places are, but those who wish for precise information have only to write to "The Sphere" and we will be pleased to tell them exactly where these beauty spots are

IN THE HEART OF THE HIGHLANDS: A summer scene near the borders of Sutherlandshire and Ross and Cromarty, showing in the distance the peaks of Cul Mor (2,786 ft.) and Suilven

SCOTLAND'S GOLDEN HARVEST

The Big Financial Returns Reaped by Those Letting Grouse Moors, Deer Forests, and Trout Streams

By CHARLES GRAVES

THIS YEAR there are more people who are going to spend their summer shooting and fishing in Scotland than ever before. Sea trout fishing in particular has become intensely sought after, and the demand has exceeded the supply by thousands of pounds. By now 85 per cent. of the shoots and beats have gone, and those people who as usual try to pick up a bargain at the eleventh hour can find only the leavings. All the best moors and deer forests have been gone since April.

This year the prices are a good deal higher than those reigning in 1934. They have not yet as a whole reached the post-war peak point of 1929, but they are climbing fast. It is good, therefore, to know that the prospects are excellent this summer. Even the heavy snowfalls this spring, which caused the keepers great anxiety, produced no bad results except on the high ground. With fine weather and no signs of disease bags should show a good average. As for the deer, they have had the best season for a long time. The spring was favourable, and the dry sunny weather came at the right time. Though there must be different prospects in different parts of the country, the general average is 78 per cent. of a maximum season.

All told, there are about 2,000 shoots and beats in Scotland, of which slightly over half are what is known as "live"; in other words, are kept up and in a very high proportion of cases are available for leasing. Of these two-thirds are grouse moors, one hundred are deer forests, another hundred are fishing beats, while the remainder are either rough shooting or all three sports combined. As a matter of fact, there is always a little fishing in the best grouse moors, but not necessarily so in deer forests.

This year, to get a decent moor, you must reckon to spend at least £600 for that alone, though the prices vary from a shoot in Dumfries-shire, for which £12 (!) for the whole season is charged, to £7,000 in Forfarshire.

The deer forests will range in price from six stags for £200 the season, to a hundred stags at £2,500 for the season. Of course, there are fellows back from India who will take little shoots on the chance of getting a couple of stags at £5 a time. But the average shoot works out at £650 for the season—from August 12 to October 15. If you multiply this by something over a thousand you reach a very respectable figure for the rental money of moors and deer forests this year in Scotland. Mind you, they cost the landlord a packet of money to keep up. There are the stalkers and ghillies and the gardeners who must be paid all the year round: there are the rates and taxes; there are the fences to keep up; there are the butts: there is the heather-burning. In the case of beats there are the banks to be trimmed; there are the snags to be removed; there are the boats to be looked after. The result is that a moor for which £2,000 is asked will cost at least £400 to keep up and get ready. If it is let late in the season at a bargain figure it may show no profit at all for the unfortunate landlord.

The most famous and best organised grouse moors are headed by Moy, which belongs to Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and is never let. The others in alphabetical order are Ardverikie (where you can also get as many as a hundred stags): Clova, Glendye, Glenfiddinch, Glenprosen, Hunt Hill, Invermark, and Millden. These last three all belong to Lord Dalhousie, who also owns The Retreat and Gannochie.

Black Mount, which Lord Breadalbane sold recently, heads the list of the best deer forests. Then there are Kinlochewe, Achnacarry (which belongs to Lochiel), Mar, Glenavon, the Atholl Forests, Strathconon, Glencarron, and Benmore.

The best rivers for fishing are the Tweed, which has the biggest average—25-pounders; the Dee and the Spey (where you will get 14-pounders; the Naber, where they run as big as 12-pounders; the Tay, and the Helmsdale. On these rivers you may have to pay as much as £400 a month for a good beat, £200 being a fair average. When you add your hotel expenses this comes to quite a bit.

Many people have odd ideas about what a shooting holiday in Scotland is going to cost them. When they say they want a "decent" grouse moor they may mean anything from 1,500 brace of grouse to a readiness to pay a £100 for the season. Taken by and large, you can reckon that the lease of a moor is going to work out at a couple of pounds per brace shot.

Mind you, it is perfectly possible for a careful man to take a nice all-round shoot for £400 for the season, and by bringing up his own servants and hiring only one ghillie in addition to the one provided by the landlord, to spend not more than another £400 on himself and his guests.

If, however, you do the thing comfortably your shooting holiday can become quite expensive. An increasing number of Americans and others who do not know the ropes prefer to have all-in arrangements with the agents from whom they lease their moors to provide them with butlers, keepers, ghillies, and food as well. For a party of a dozen, that is to say, six guns and their wives or sweethearts, together with half-a-dozen servants, a figure of £140 a week is not uncommon, cigars and drinks being in addition and on sale or return.

"This may sound a prodigious lot of money," said Mr. Edward Baring, one of the directors of the British Sporting Agency which handles the

Trout-fishing in the River Tilt, near Blair Atholl, one of the most picturesque districts of Perthshire

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE

cream of the shoots, "but it isn't. It works out at much less than hotel prices, and still less than what it would cost to hire a staff piecemeal. What is more, if any of the servants do not give satisfaction, they can be replaced at an instant's notice. We do not of course supply the beaters. Probably a party of this size which had taken a £1,000 driving moor would want, let us say, thirty beaters at 35s. each a week. Naturally, too, they would need to supply their own gun dogs. I reckon that the cartridge bill would work out at about £600 at an average price of 16s. a hundred. Other incidentals would be the return fare to, let us say, Inverness, with sleepers, at £11 a head, together with a tenner for the cost of transporting a couple of cars from London by rail. What so often happens is that the guns have to have their own loaders and their wives insist on their own ladies' maids. There are also the staff servants, which means a matter of twenty-five bedrooms. One of the advantages of an all-in arrangement is that you do not have to pay the fare of your own servants to Scotland and back.

When one works out the value to Scotland of shooting and fishing, one is dazed by the enormous sums of money involved. The employment of the keepers and ghillies all the year round; the cost of petrol; the amount of whisky and champagne and other beverages drunk by the visiting sportsmen; the rentals and so on, come to vast sums of money. These seem particularly large when one realises that millions of acres have no agricultural or economic value at all. You may remember how before the war Mr. Lloyd George, in one of his ramping moments, tried to rouse a storm about some crofter who lost his job. Whereupon a Scottish duke—I fancy it was the Duke of Sutherland—offered to sell him 1,000,000 acres at 25s. an acre. Needless to say, this offer was not accepted. The ground was useless for anything except sport.

England, too, benefits enormously from the fashionable sport of killing

SPOTTING THE QUARRY: Stalkers in an Aberdeenshire deer forest

birds, deer, and fish. There are all those cartridges which have to be made; there are the men employed by gun makers; almost every sportsman buys himself a new suit of plus fours in which to travel North; there is all the railway traffic involved; there is the fishing tackle industry. Yet even that is only the fringe of the subject where employment is created in this way.

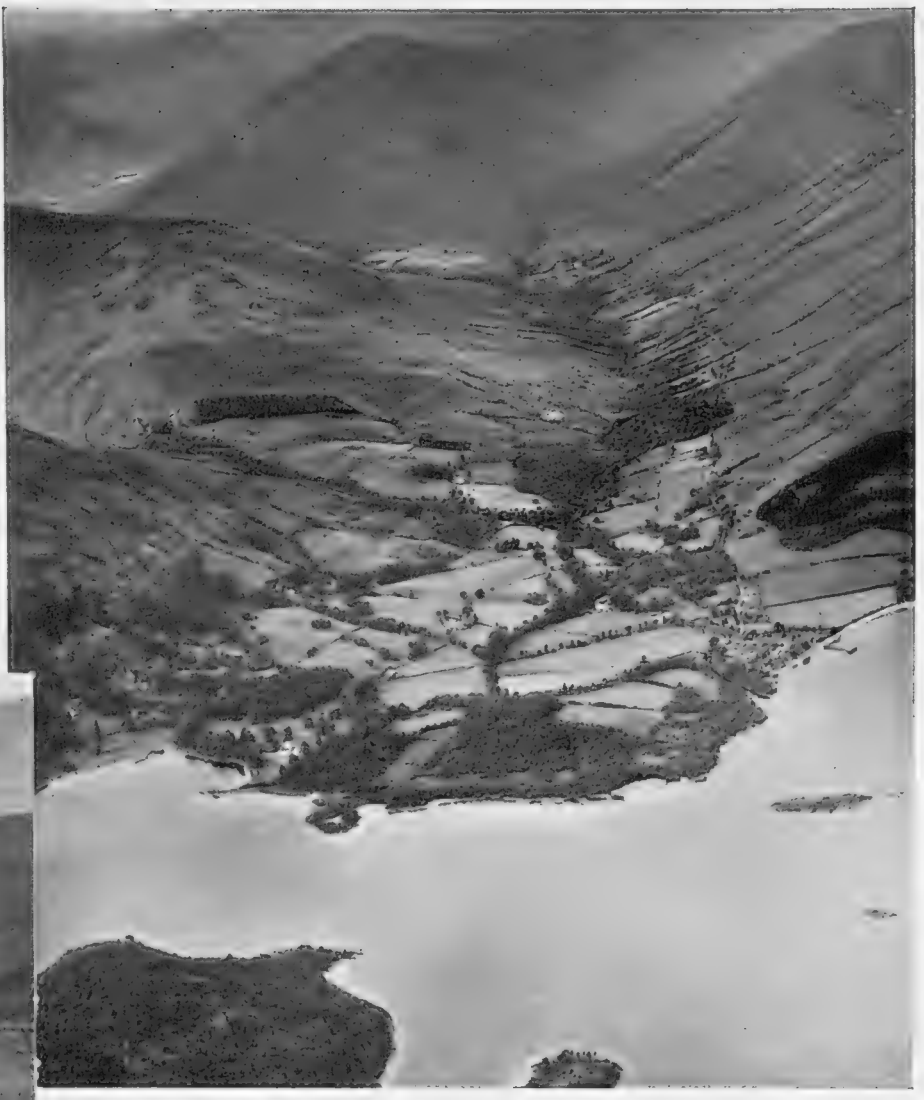
I mentioned a shoot that could be had for £12 this summer (I am afraid that this one has gone). To document the statement, here is a description of it. "The farm of Capple Gill and Cairifferan is situate in Moffat Water Valley on the side of the road leading from Moffat to St. Mary's Loch and Selkirk. The extent is about 5,000 acres. A good bag, mainly black game, partridges, hares, and rabbits can be got on the lower ground. Higher up a few grouse can be got. Shot by owner in 1934." If there are any of you still looking for a cheap shoot, what about Whytholm Moor, near Beattock? The rent is £40. A bag of about a hundred brace of grouse with black game, snipe, and hares can be got, and a motor car can be driven to within three miles of the moor.

Or again, what about Beattock Farm? There are 751 acres. About twenty brace of grouse and black game have been shot here, and there are a good many partridges, hares, rabbits, snipe, and woodcock. Rent for August, September, and October, £25!

By contrast there is a deer forest in Inverness-shire where 103 stags were secured in 1932 at an average weight of 15 st. 3 lb. The forest is 35,000 acres; stags this year are limited to eighty head; 750 brace of grouse should be obtained; there is a private golf course; garaging for five motor cars; stabling for eight horses; electric light; telephones; fruit garden; twenty family bedrooms; eight bathrooms; and the rest in proportion. It seems cheap at the price of £2,500 (payable on August 1).

As I have said, the top price for a grouse moor is £7,000. In front of me lie the details of one in Forfarshire. There are 18,000 acres; 15,000 grouse; twenty-five bedrooms; twenty-five stags; no fishing and three bathrooms. The rent asked for this is £6,000, and it was let long ago.

Altogether, this fashion for going abroad in August seems neither so expensive nor so popular as a holiday in Scotland.



THE GRANDEUR OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE QUIETUDE OF THE LAKE: The little village of Luss nestling beside the wooded western shore of Loch Lomond, with the glen stretching away into the distance

SCENTING AN ENEMY

A deer looks up suspiciously, aware of intruders on the lonely moor which for the greater part of the year is its undisputed domain

"ANSON'S PRIZE": A delightful picture by Montague Dawson included in the display of marine paintings by contemporary British artists at the eightieth Summer Exhibition at the Towner Art Gallery, Eastbourne. Admiral Anson was one of the most outstanding British sailors of the eighteenth century, and this canvas graphically depicts his attack on a Spanish treasure ship during his voyage round the world from which he returned with loot to the value of over £500,000. Possibly his greatest triumph was his defeat of the French fleet off Cape Finisterre in May, 1747

"OFF CAPE HORN": An Australian grainship with her decks awash during a gale—a painting by Arthur Briscoe, R.I., R.E., at the Towner Art Gallery's Summer Exhibition at Eastbourne

THE BREAKING CREST

A study in oils by Hely Smith, R.B.A., which is also on view at the eightieth Eastbourne Summer Exhibition

A Roman Brighton

Summer Holidays of 2,000 Years Ago when the People of the Imperial Capital Flocked to the Sunlit Shores of Herculaneum

HOLIDAY-TIME is here again. A convoy appears formed by some dozens of chariots pulled by immaculate snow-white oxen and preceded by a few dozen slaves carrying tall fanions surmounted by their masters' coats-of-arms and blowing in the hot and heavy air their hunting bugles with their piercing notes. The procession stops in front of the wide portal of the great Peacock Hotel, which stands close to the southern gate of Herculaneum, from where I am writing, almost on the slopes of the beautiful and cobalt-blue of the Tyrrenean Sea.

Men richly clad in white tunics, heavily embroidered in silver and gold, step out slowly from the chariots, closely followed by a host of young children, barefooted and smartly dressed.

Soon after several young smartly-dressed women, whose beauty is enhanced by their large *peplum* of white, semi-transparent silk, step out from the same chariots. Their arms are completely bare and almost entirely covered with large golden bracelets encrusted with pearls and other precious stones.

Standing before the door of the Peacock Hotel are dozens of slaves, almost completely naked, their bronzed bodies almost prostrate as the visitors arrive, headed by a living Hercules, a majestic and almost statuary typical citizen of Rome, who salutes the visitors by raising his fully-outstretched hand well above his head as a token of welcome and respect.

"Ave," he says to them. "Nitrius vos salutat."

He is Nitrius, the most popular hotel keeper of the Roman Empire, the sole owner of the great chain of hotels which stretches from Rome to Herculaneum, near Pompeii, the greatest tourist centre of 2,000 years ago.

For this scene which I have just described, and which seems so completely alive even to-day, happened twenty centuries ago at this time of the year at that Brighton of ancient times which was called Herculaneum, and which—after having slept under the ashes and the lava a long sleep of nearly 2,000 years—is gradually emerging to light again like Pompei did a few decades ago.

The Romans, so the latest excavations testify, were great travellers, and their summer holiday played no small part in their life, which accounts perhaps for the phrase a "Roman holiday."

Inscriptions have been found—either engraved on stone or painted on frescoes—giving distances between Rome and several sea-side places and also giving names of hotels and restaurants.

The *feriae* or "summer holidays" used to begin about July and come to end about the middle of October. The end of July was the beginning of the great exodus from Rome towards the sea or the country. Schools were closed: the Senate suspended its work; all political and commercial life seemed to stop in order to give Rome and the Romans a rest, and everyone was leaving town in search of a place to spend a holiday.

Herculaneum was one of the most popular summer resorts of Rome, more or less what Brighton and Bournemouth are to us to-day, or Deauville and Ostend to the French and the Belgians. Built almost on the shore of the Tyrrenean Sea, in one of the best positions on the Gulf of Naples, where waters are always calm and lukewarm, Herculaneum was an ideal spot for a summer holiday for a family. Children could bathe in complete safety while their mothers and sisters could indulge in fashionable sun-bathing (it was already a craze twenty centuries ago) and men could swim or sit and read on the cool and beautiful verandas of the hotels and private houses which stretched down to the water's edge.

Roads were usually well kept, but hotels—except the very few with an exclusive clientele—were far from satisfactory. Food was usually good and cheap, but as far as lodging is concerned, one understands why women usually refused to spend their nights in them. They preferred to sleep in their chariots or under tents which were erected at specially-selected spots. Only women of a certain class could brave the different *cauponæ* (or road-hotels) along the roads, and the paintings, which have just been discovered, show the kind of hospitality that such primitive hotels could offer.

Apart from the *cauponæ* there were, however, some *hospitia* much more respectable, and above all some *thermopilia* or restaurants where food was really excellent and where one could taste the famous resinous wine of Vesuvius.

The holiday season ended at the beginning of the autumn, in the first weeks of October, in time to get back to Rome for the opening of the schools and of the Senate which marked the beginning of social life. Women were coming back well bronzed by the sun, which inspired Horace with a vision of "beautiful bodies of live copper ascending again the slopes of the Capitol" and made him happy to think that "the snow-white arms of beautiful Nausica would come back with the bronzed patina of which Vulcan alone knows the secret."

The Romans did not confide to writing their holiday impressions, or at least none of such works has been preserved for our inspection, but the walls of Herculaneum are still covered with small inscriptions of those holiday-making ancestors who extol the good wine, the good fish, or even the beautiful women of the place.

"Here I have found good food, good wine, and the beautiful Euridice"—says a Faust of twenty centuries ago.

"Here the lips of Cynthia tasted to me as sweet as honey"—writes a poet.

"Here the black olives of Sabina and the phalernus of Trimalcion surpassed all hopes"—testifies a gourmet.

There are the inscriptions which—after 2,000 years—come to light again and enable us to follow the "holidays" of the past which seem so far away and yet are so similar to those of our present day.

M. Pettinati

CHANGING LONDON

Picturesque Corners of the Metropolis Transformed by the Modern Builder

THE PASSING OF THE OLDEST OF THE INNS OF CHANCERY: A water-colour by J. W. Topham Vinall showing the doorway of Clifford's Inn, whose cobbled quietude is now giving way to blocks of flats. Many distinguished literary folk once lived here

OLD WESTMINSTER: The massive brick gateway at the south-east corner of Dean's Yard, which has been a familiar feature to generations of Westminster scholars and the clergy of the Abbey, but is now in process of demolition to make way for the new Church House building scheme. During the work patches of ancient stonework were brought to light, and it is presumed that these belong to the time of Henry III when most of the enclosing walls of the Abbey were erected

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF LANGHAM PLACE: In this water-colour drawing Dorothy Deane reveals how greatly this once fashionable quarter has been altered in aspect by the erection of the B.B.C. headquarters, which dwarfs the Church of All Souls as a terminal feature to the northern end of Regent Street. This church, with its sugar-loaf steeple, was erected by Nash who in his day did much to improve the West End

CHANGES IN CHELSEA: A block of flats in Sloane Avenue in the area between King's Road and Fulham Road which is now undergoing an astounding transformation. Acres of working-class dwellings have been demolished

Improvements at Windsor

On right—A VIEW SAVED: Fears that the site formerly occupied by the Windsor brewery would be used for the erection of inappropriate buildings have been set at rest by the announcement that the area is to be left clear, and converted into an attractive pleasure garden. The King and Queen paid a visit of inspection to the site a few days ago. The pen and ink drawing on the right shows the façade of the castle rising above the rooftops of old Windsor

Drawings by Percy Home

DELICATE RENAISSANCE CARVING on the capitals of the fluted columns that alternate with the tall windows, and along the frieze running round the four sides of the inner quadrangle at Kirby Hall, which represents the best of Elizabethan architecture, having been built in 1570 by one John Thorpe

A Renaissance Mansion Saved

Kirby Hall, which After Years of Neglect, is Now Being Preserved by the Office of Works

KIRBY HALL in Northamptonshire, which is now under the kindly protection of the Office of Works, had suffered for well over a century the utter misery of neglect. With no one to be interested in it, or to watch over it, it had become a roofless ruin, its windows broken, its stones removed for repairing roads, and its beautiful interior woodwork carried off to other houses in the neighbourhood. Yet at one time it had represented the high-water mark of Renaissance building, before it had degenerated into heaviness and over ornamentation.

The original plan is luckily preserved for us in the Soane Museum, and the architect, John Thorpe, very thoughtfully entitled it, "Kerby whereof I layd ye first stone Ad. 1570." It was so ambitious in its conception that it took five years to construct, somewhat too long for the owner, Sir Humphry Stafford, who died just before it was ready for occupation. His son, who possibly considered the whole scheme unnecessary as they already owned a fine house at Blatherwick, only five miles away, at once sold Kirby Hall to Sir Christopher Hatton so that all the connection of the Staffords with the splendid pile is to be found now in the crest and badge carved in stone and wood, and the family motto, "Je seray loyal."

It is not certain whether Sir Christopher Hatton either found time to live in Kirby Hall, for he owned many fine properties, besides having to attend the Queen at Court. He undoubtedly did not go near it for five years after the purchase, for he wrote to a friend in 1580 that he was going "to view my house at Kirby which I have never yet surveyed." Sir Christopher who is well-known as the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, was said by his enemies to have entered Court "by the galliard," referring to the famous occasion when he caught the notice of the Queen at a masked ball by the beauty and agility of his dancing. Favours were heaped upon him, even to the apparent absurdity of making him Lord Chancellor, but in the end the Queen tired of her devoted admirer, and was cruel enough to insist upon the return of a Crown debt, money which had been advanced to pay for some of the fine furnishings of his houses. This is said to have broken his heart, for he died shortly afterwards.

SIR Christopher had never married, but Kirby remained with his heirs until it ceased to be inhabited, the last owner being the Earl of Winchilsea, whose family name is Finch-Hatton.

Kirby Hall is approached by an outer court, which has fine gateways, and is enclosed by a stone balustrade, but the main structure consists of a great quadrangular courtyard, surrounded by buildings like an Oxford college. The long east and west sides were occupied by series of small apartments connected with one another, in which the household and guests resided, while the great hall was at the southern end, which faces one as one enters. The exterior of Kirby Hall is not particularly striking; it is the richness of detail and real beauty of design of the inner courtyard which make it of importance.

ELEGANTLY ORNAMENTED PILASTERS on each side of one of the great entrances at Kirby Hall, whose owner never lived to see it in its completed beauty

The long rows of windows are broken by beautifully-proportioned pilasters, and everywhere there is delicate carving on the gables, finials, and the frieze which runs round the four sides. It is almost entirely the work of one period, but Inigo Jones was called in to modernise it in the time of Charles I. He is responsible for the exterior frontage of the North Entrance with its balustrading and the attic storey, while the southern side bears a characteristic Inigo Jones window over the porch. B. H.

"BEAUTIFUL, STOCKED WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF EXOTIC PLANTS, and adorned with a wilderness composed of almost the whole variety of English trees, and ranged in elegant order" was the comment of John Bridges, the eighteenth-century Northamptonshire historian, on the garden at Kirby Hall, which was until recently an overgrown waste, but is now being lavishly re-stocked with yews and roses by the Office of Works

DEVOURING TIME has brought much of the splendour of Renaissance architecture to decay, but under the care of the Office of Works, the crumbling walls will be restored, and Kirby Hall will enter on a new lease of life

SOME END-OF-THE-SEASON MARRIAGES

And Other Matters of Personal Interest

AN ENGAGEMENT AND TWO WEDDINGS: *Left*—The beautiful daughter of Mr. I. M. Tokugawa, a distinguished member of the Japanese Diplomatic Corps, who is to marry Mr. I. Matsudaira, the eldest son of the Japanese Ambassador in London. She was presented at one of the Season's Courts. *Centre*—Mr. Stephen Lloyd, who has only just recovered from a serious illness and has not as yet been able to dispense with a walking stick, seen leaving Chelsea Old Church with his bride, the daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain. They are now spending their honeymoon in Scotland. *Right*—Mr. Hugo Brassey and Baroness Christa von Bodenhausen pictured together outside Caxton Hall register office, after their marriage last week. The bridegroom is the son of Captain Robert Brassey, a former M.P. for Banbury

HIS EXCELLENCY THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR: A new portrait of Monsieur André Corbin who is so successfully carrying on the work of M. Fleuriau and who during his stay in London has done much to foster Franco-British friendship. In 1931 he was Ambassador in Brussels, and previous to that held a similar appointment in Madrid

HULLO TWINS: Guelda Waller and Vera Maconochie with the latter's twin children, John and Mary, who were christened recently at Brompton Oratory. The two grown-ups are well known to wireless listeners, and this Saturday are doing a broadcast to Australia. Vera Maconochie also holds an important post in advertising

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Miss Myra Drummond, the elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond, Deputy Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, leaving her home for St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where she was married a few days ago to Mr. Martin Roland Soames, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Soames, of 63, Chester Square. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory crêpe with a net yoke embroidered with crystal and diamanté

AT THE RUSSIAN CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD: Count Serge Orloff-Davidoff and the Hon. Elizabeth Scott-Ellis, second daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, seen after their marriage which was attended by the Infante Alfonso and the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, Prince Alvaro and Prince Alonso of Bourbon-Orléans, Prince and Princess Andrew of Russia and a host of other notabilities. Note the page carrying the ikon

"AND THE WATERS PREVAILED UPON THE EARTH AN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DAYS": Noah (played by John Gielgud) quietens the murmurings of the animals who are dissatisfied at their long period of confinement in the Ark. A drawing, specially made for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles, depicting an episode in *Noah*, the successful play from the French of André Obey, which is now running at the New Theatre

PLAYS, FILMS, AND BALLET

A Rapid Review of some Successes and Failures of the Season: An Attempt to Dramatise Sir James Jeans' "The Mysterious Universe": "Jardin Public," an Uninspiring Ballet at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

THERE have been some moans, I notice, over the fact that with the close of London's social season has come a dead period in theatreland. But that "death" is only comparative—and compared with the state of the theatre in the latter part of July and the beginning of August things are decidedly lively.

From a newspaper file I find that on July 28, 1913, there were five theatres open in the West End in addition to the music-halls. At the moment of writing there are twenty theatres more or less in full swing, if not all of them full, together with Russian Ballet at Covent Garden, and Shakespearean and Miltonian alarms and excursions in Regent's Park.

That in itself is heartening. When it is further realised that two and twenty years ago the cinema had not arisen as a formidable antagonist, and that other rival attractions were infinitely fewer, pessimism should surely hide its head. None the less, there is a breathing space, and for a little while there has been no production of even secondary importance. The past season I would put in the moderate-to-good category. It has given us at least three first-class entertainments (apart from the musical shows) in *Tovarich*, *Night Must Fall*, which is the best play that brilliant youth, Emlyn Williams, has yet written, and *Close Quarters*, the drama *à deux* at the Haymarket.

The most ambitious disappointment was *Hervey House* at His Majesty's; there was nothing tangibly wrong with this play except that it was just—dull. *Grief Goes Over*, with a fine performance by Dame Sybil Thorndike, did not come up to its author's early promise. *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* at the St. Martin's is a sound melodrama which looks like lasting. Sir Seymour Hicks did not, alas, hit the bull's-eye with *The Miracle Man*, but his revival of *Vintage Wine* is playing to excellent business, which is some compensation.

This Desirable Residence is first-class entertainment (though not more than that) in which a new and clever twist is given to an ancient theme. *Accidentally Yours*, an old-fashioned farce, did not tarry long at the Shaftesbury; even the comic genius of Mr. George Robey could not make it more than mildly amusing. I expected greater success for Colonel Harry Graham's brilliant adaptation—*Roulette*—which looked at one time like being a winner and certainly deserved to be. We have been afflicted with two or three perfectly dreadful plays which it is more charitable not to name; they have had the decency to curl up and die quickly and quietly.

Among individual performances I would place in the foreground that of Mr. Emlyn Williams as the murderer in his own play; Miss Flora Robson and Mr. Oscar Homolka at the Haymarket; and Mr. John Gielgud in the title-role in *Noah*.

The musical shows have been rather above the normal standard. *Stop Press* at the Adelphi was both clever and beautiful and I marvel that its life was so short; perhaps it was too clever and too beautiful. Mr. Ivor Novello seems to have hit upon the right type of entertainment for Drury Lane in *Glamorous Night*, which is likely, I hear, to run over Christmas. Mr. C. B. Cochran has most successfully reproduced at the Palace that rage of New York, *Anything Goes*,

SHAW'S ALLEGORICAL DRAMA: Godfrey Kenton as Hugh Hyering and Vivienne Bennett as Prola in *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* which was shown for the first time in this country when it was presented last Monday at Malvern on the opening night of the seventh Festival of Drama. The author was 79 last week

AN ATTRACTIVE RECRUIT TO BRITISH FILMS: Stella Moya who has a part in *Stormy Weather*—the new film starring Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn which will shortly be presented in the West End

in which Mr. Sydney Howard is immensely funny. The gentle charm of June could not make the Comedy revue exactly a smash-hit; but Mr. André Charlot produced a pleasant little revue at the Vaudeville. *Gay Deceivers* seems to have survived its transfer from the Gaiety to the wide open spaces of the Coliseum. *1066 and All That*—historical burlesque and all that—pursues the merry tenor of its way at the Strand.

No, not at all a bad bunch on the whole. In what other capital in the world is such theatrical activity? In Paris? In Berlin? In New York? Surely not. But I suppose our pinkish *intelligentsia* will snap out "Moscow."

"The Mysterious Universe."—

Possibly those of the aforesaid *intelligentsia* who were present at the Arts Theatre the other night to see *The Mysterious Universe* had a rare old time. If so, they were welcome to all of it.

Jeans is a familiar name in the theatre—Ursula, Ronald, Desmond, Isobel *et hoc genus omne*. Sir James Jeans, however, has hitherto consorted with stars of another sort. I cannot think that he should be held responsible for the odd prank of dramatising his fascinating and brilliant book, *The Mysterious Universe*. The author, Mr. Aubrey Menon, has, we are informed, taken his inspiration from Sir James. Fortunately Sir James is a big enough man to survive the ordeal, though were I in his shoes I would much prefer that Mr. Menon should have taken some of the household silver instead.

The book is, of course, as incapable of being dramatised as the Telephone Directory. Between it and the play I could trace no resemblance whatever. By the mercy of providence the play, if such it can be called, stopped dead long before the evening (an exceptionally hot one) came to an end, and was transmogrified into a revue. Not a very good revue, but it was pleasant to find Mr. Gillie Potter stepping "out of the everywhere into here" not far short of midnight. Mr. Frank Pettingell a a prime minister and Mr. Esmé Percy as a Tibetan lama had my sympathy.

Occasionally the flavour was slightly Shavian—an echo of Mr. Shaw in his wildly farcical (and, to my mind, utterly unfunny) moments. But the splendid sanity that has always been an attribute of Shaw was as far distant as the remotest stars in Sir James Jeans'—and our—universe.

NON-HISTORICAL: Frank Cellier and George Arliss in *The Guv'nor*, a picture, now in production at the Gaumont British Studios, which is being eagerly awaited by Arliss "fans" as it shows the great actor in what is for him quite a new type of screen part

IN CZARIST RUSSIA: Laurence Olivier (*centre*) as Ignatoff in *Natacha*, the London film production which is now almost complete, and will probably be released at an early date in the autumn

"Jardin Public,"

the second of the season's novelties at Covent Garden, is both new and odd. It is not quite new enough and rather too odd. Strange characters appear in a public garden and dance, and that is all. Since they are impersonated by Massine, Toumanova, Danilova, and other members of Colonel de Basil's incomparable company, it goes without saying that the dancing is good. But the whole thing lacks inspiration, and M. Massine, as choreographist, is not in this case up to the level of M. Massine as dancer. The music is by Dukelsky, who, under the name of Dukes, has written effective music for lighter entertainments. If the position is reversed and it is a Mr. Dukes who writes ballet-music under the name of Dukelsky, I apologise. The point that really matters is the quality of his music, which, frankly, I found quite inferior from any aspect. It is not that melody is eschewed and thematic material of value entirely absent; this music lacks almost everything that is desirable in any type of ballet. I would, however, willingly see Danilova dance the Rumba again.

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's new ballet, *Les Cent Baisers*, seems to have settled down into a genuine success. It certainly improves on acquaintance—a sure test of quality.

Covent Garden continues to be full at nearly every performance, despite the heat, and the season will continue for some weeks yet. For London's most august theatre to be open in August is sure a record, at least in recent times.

Mr. Geoffrey Toye tells me that the autumn season of international opera will open there on or about September 23.

Two Films.

— Do you want a peep behind the scenes at Broadcasting House — the imposing building which Sir Thomas Beecham wittily referred to as "Sing Sing"? Then go to the Carlton Theatre and see *B.B.C.—the Voice of Britain*.

Since this film has been made by the Post Office Film Unit one cannot, of course, expect that peep to reveal things in an unfavourable light. If the motto might well be "See how wonderful we all are!" this is a justifiable piece of back-scratching on the whole, and it is uncommonly good entertainment, well put together, not without satire, and undeniably instructive.

Sir John Reith himself is not seen; a similar sort of inhibition exists, I believe, in the matter of representing the Divinity and the Royal Family on either screen or stage. But at one awful moment we hear the Voice. And the Voice instils both comfort and wisdom.

In the same programme at the Carlton is *Shanghai*, a sentimental and effective study in mixed marriages, constructed, naturally enough, with an eye to the film public rather than the ethnologist. The love affair (for marriage is prohibited) is between a man who is half-Russian and half-Chinese and a woman who is 100 per cent. American. Miss Loretta Young prettily and pathetically tackles that rather unprepossessing mixture in the person of clever Mr. Charles Boyer.

SHOWS TO SEE

DRURY LANE: Ivor Novello and Mary Ellis in *Glamorous Night*.

DUCHESS: Emlyn Williams in his own play *Night Must Fall*. Also starring May Whitty.

LYRIC: Cedric Hardwicke and Eugenie Leontovich in *Tovarich*.

NEW: John Gielgud in *Noah*.

CRITERION: Marie Ney in *This Desirable Residence*.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR A ROMANTIC STAGE SITUATION: The Rev. Manfred Dester (Harold Scott), Mrs. Dester (Dorothy Hamilton), Mary Penshott (Marie Ney) and Edward Tramley (Eric Portman), in a scene from A. R. Rawlinson's play, *This Desirable Residence*, which was recently presented in revised form at the Criterion after a trial run at the Embassy. Miss Ney, who gives one of the finest performances of her career, takes the part of a girl who falls in love with one of her father's clerks, whose marriage is prevented by her parents, and who, after many years cherishing the memory of her romance, at last comes to understand that those who thwarted her were right

The World of Books

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

Francis Brett Young's Latest Worcestershire Novel : A New Eden Phillpotts Thriller : "Grandsons" — An American Story of the Calibre of "Babbit"

WOMEN WRITERS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—M. J. Farrell whose latest novel, *Full House*, has been chosen by the *Evening Standard* as the "Book of the Month" for August and has also been recommended by the Book Society. It has been published this week by W. Collins, Sons and Co. *Right*—Juliette Pary, the young French novelist, whose book, *Men in a Hurry*—a story of Soviet Russia—has just been translated into English and issued by J. M. Dent and Sons

THOSE who have enjoyed Mr. Francis Brett Young's other novels, particularly *This Little World*, will be pleased to learn that in his newest book, *White Ladies*, the scene is set not many miles from the delightful Worcestershire village called Chaddesbourne. Here is a piece of country—surely the heart of England—which Mr. Brett Young has made peculiarly his own; and it is a tribute to his considerable gifts that in each successive book he not so much recreates the scene afresh as brings to life another corner of it.

All that we love in England, in the English countryside—its beauty, its dignity, and its sense of solid worth—is contained in these books and, true novelist as he is, the author weaves against each background a very human, a very English story.

The dominating character of WHITE LADIES (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the house from which the novel takes its name. Built upon the foundations of an ancient religious order, this beautiful old Tudor manor has a spirit of its own, a living personality, proud and evasive. To one woman it represented the realisation of a life's dream.

Bella was born and bred in poverty. Her character was formed through early years of struggle and self-denial. Her dreams were another matter. Suddenly she becomes an heiress, and with it the materialisation of her greatest desire was within her reach.

Her grandfather, whom she had never known, had become a power in the industrial Midlands, and after his death they went to live in the grimy neighbourhood near the works where his fortune had been built up.

To possess White Ladies had been her obsession. She now had the means. The next step was its realisation. The owner, she found, was living in Capri, and would neither move away from his island nor sell the house. So she went to Capri and, in a chapter of comedy and human wisdom, achieved her object by marrying him. She was able to rescue the house from its encumbrances and, moreover, provided him with an heir.

There follows a period of tranquility, little disturbed by the husband's death, for Bella has White Ladies and a son to inherit it. Then comes the tragedy and the drama. The house is burned to the ground, and all that Bella had lived for is left a heap of smouldering ruins. Indomitably she determines that it shall rise like the phœnix, and, at an enormous cost, she rebuilds it, carefully making every detail as it was.

We then realise that we are at the heart of the theme of the book, i.e. the struggle between the woman and the house. Inexorably Fate seems to be working against her, for her son is killed in the war, and with him go the better part of her life and nearly all her ambitions. She returns the property to her husband's family, and goes back to her grandfather's house, to the country whence she and her material wealth first sprang. She finds that business has prospered and is more comfortably off than ever; and, back among her own folk, she marries the manager.

So White Ladies wins in the long-drawn-out battle with the alien influence—the house set in its own history, remote and unattainable, dealing hardly with those who try to graft upon its spirit. Bella was fighting a losing battle from the first; and the only peace that she could find would be in the place from which she came.

No brief outline of the story can convey the richness of its atmosphere, Mr. Brett Young is at his strongest in observing natural things in their true setting. That he has also a fine sense of character and of drama is obvious in the excitement with which he packs this otherwise quiet story. White Ladies, though a house, is anything but an inanimate pile of brick and timber.

Mr. Brett Young is slowly, but surely, building for himself a pre-eminent position among English novelists. That he chooses the country that he knows well and feels for so deeply is a strength which is complementary to the undeniable fact that he is also a poet; and he has stamped his own genius upon his series of Worcestershire novels as surely as Galsworthy did his upon a section of English life in *The Forsyte Saga*. They are great novels, and I am fairly sure that *White Ladies* is the best of them.

ILLYRIAN SPRING (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is not the first novel to open with a beautiful lady in tears looking sadly at the landscape from a boat-train bound for Dover. But the lady had a grown-up daughter whom she adored, was herself a successful painter, and was running away deliberately for "though she did not realise it, she was beginning (rather late in the day) to feel the pressure of the more peculiar aspects of English life, the moral and intellectual subordination of women to their husbands."

The husband in this case was a distinguished economist with a patronising contempt for her own considerable artistic achievements; the daughter at a tiresome "Mummy doesn't understand" stage. So the Simplon Express takes her to the Dalmatian coast where she encounters an adventure in the headlong love of a young artist. Lady Kilmichael, however, is no middle-aged siren, but a woman who can handle such a situation firmly, delicately, and bring it to a climax which should satisfy everyone in the world who loves a lover. Even the husband learns how to be less tiresome and earns, thereby, more than his deserts.

So the story, which began conventionally enough, ends on the same note, although in the main it is anything but. It stands to reason that the author of *Peking Picnic* can find colour and romance in the Adriatic, but in this book she proves herself to be a novelist of exceptional technical ability. I know no writer, except Colette, who can touch feminine psychology so surely and so delicately, nor any English writer, except Elizabeth, with quite the exquisite poise of wit in the balance of a story which so easily might have drifted into false values. And I can think of no greater compliment to pay Miss Anne Bridge.

A further volume of M. Jules Romains' MEN OF GOOD WILL (Lovat Dickson. 7s. 6d.) has been translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins. For readers who have pursued their way through the first seven books, I would say that the most recent, *Provincial Interlude*, is as good as the *Sixth of October* which was the first volume, and a book which stood the test of a satisfactory reading by itself.

I should think, though, that anyone who reads *Provincial Interlude* with the interest it deserves, would want to go back to the beginning and see the empty square of tapestry canvas with which M. Romains began, and which he has been threading with the curiously individual colours of his imagination. The pattern, now almost complete, is an intricate and vivid one. The latest book brings a change with it, however. At characterisation, at the psychological studies affected by the new French school, this author has always been adept, but at humour, a little heavy-handed. In *Provincial Interlude*, which is written in the terms of satiric comedy, there are passages of real light-heartedness, and signs of a wry wit, which are surprising (and welcome) in the author of *Quinette's Crime*, and all that part of his work in which introspection is treated as the finest of arts.

Leisure and dignity, and an old-fashioned reticence of expression are not the commonest factors in present-day mystery stories, and generally speaking, this is a good thing. But once in a while we can welcome the well-known exception: in the case PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF (Hutchinson 7s. 6d.) which is Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel.

For a story to be told quietly, like all the best round-the-fire ghost stories, is a very effective way of making people listen. Or read. Mr. Phillpotts' is *not* a ghost story (let me hasten to say) but a very genuine thriller told in a manner and with a technique which score heavily over the modern slap-and-slick method. There is a lifetime of writing experience behind this excellent plot, of which I will not spoil your enjoyment by divulging.

Those readers who share my admiration for Mr. Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return* will not be disappointed in his incursion into fiction with GRANDSONS (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). The theme is frankly autobiographical, the problem a personal one, yet it is personal also to the soul of a nation. Croatian immigrants, the Gale family had become American, and of the three grandsons of the title Peter is a war casualty, Andy in a shady racket, while their cousin, Jack, is a political agitator. The strength of the story is that Mr. Adamic yields nothing in terms of life to the broad basis of his general theme. His characters live, intensely, thrillingly, battling with forces which the author not only fully comprehends, but which he also makes the reader understand.

What Sinclair Lewis has done for the native American Mr. Louis Adamic has gone a long way towards achieving for the immigrant American. *Grandsons* is a book that will not soon be forgotten, and, in the brilliance of its characterisation, bears a strong resemblance to *Babbit*.

The wrapper of MAN WITH FOUR LIVES (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) tells us that Captain William Joyce Cowen is an American who fought with the British Army during the war. Certainly there is an authoritative ring about his war scenes and a credibility about the character of Fenton whose fate it was to encounter the man with four lives.

Captain Cowen's story depends so much upon its surprise ending that it would be unfair to him to give it away, but it undeniably has one fine quality: it *is* a grand story. The author has a simple, direct style, with few frills, but he possesses in full measure the gifts of being able to maintain suspense and to make credible the seemingly incredible.

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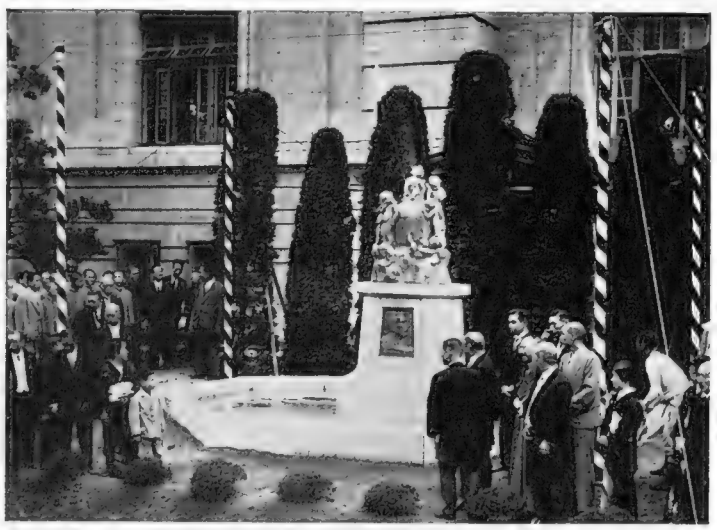

HONOURED IN THE LAND OF HIS ADOPTION: Inspecting the monument to Lafcadio Hearn, the great writer on Japan, after it had been unveiled recently in the grounds of the Imperial Library at Uyeno Park, Tokyo. Hearn was born in 1850 on one of the Ionian Islands, the son of an Irish army surgeon and a Greek mother, and while still in his teens he became a journalist in America. In 1891 he was sent to Japan as a correspondent, and was so captivated by it that he remained there for the rest of his life. It was not long before he became completely Japanese in his way of living, adopting the customs, ideas, and dress of the country, marrying a woman of high Samurai rank, and even embracing the Buddhist faith. His writings throw considerable light on the history of the nation during the last half of the nineteenth century, but it is their polished style, revealing the influence of Oriental literature, that makes them chiefly remarkable. Hearn died in September, 1904, and was buried in the Zoshigaya Cemetery, where his grave is still a place of pilgrimage

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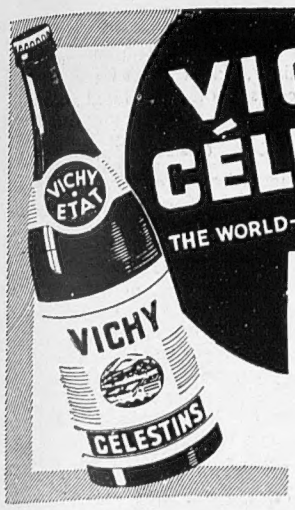
The art of the milliner can do nothing for the woman who firmly puts her head into her hat. It is she who uses her brain as well as her hands to put her hat on who achieves that air of sparkling nonchalance that is so essential to success. Already advance autumn models show which way the wind blows. The pneumatic brim is new. Just like a bicycle tyre, it edges small forward-tilted felts, disappearing altogether at the back, and widening as it reaches the front. The crown also slopes forward, and pert little wings stand up on the brow.

The fan-shaped veil is another phantasie. Again the forward tilt is accented, and the veil is lightly gathered across the centre front, widening as it juts out, and reaching just to the tip of the nose.

A charming pastel-coloured velour Homburg tops the sketches on this page. It is finished with a contrasting coloured band and buckle, and it is made in a very wide choice of shades. The fact that it costs only 12s. 9d. and that it can be folded and tucked into a very small space makes it an ideal holiday hat. You will find it at Swan and Edgar's of Piccadilly Circus, W., where the large hat at the foot of the group may be seen. This is in brown Chinese baku, with the crown folded to form a point in the front. The price is 25s. and it is also made in black, navy, natural, and white.

Lastly there is, in the centre, the type of hat that always looks perfect with cotton frocks and linen suits. It is made in linen or in Palm Beach suiting, it is hand blocked, and it is most elaborately and decoratively stitched. You can roll it up and push it into the tiniest space, and it will emerge fresh and un-ruffled. It comes from Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W., and costs 25s., in any colour.



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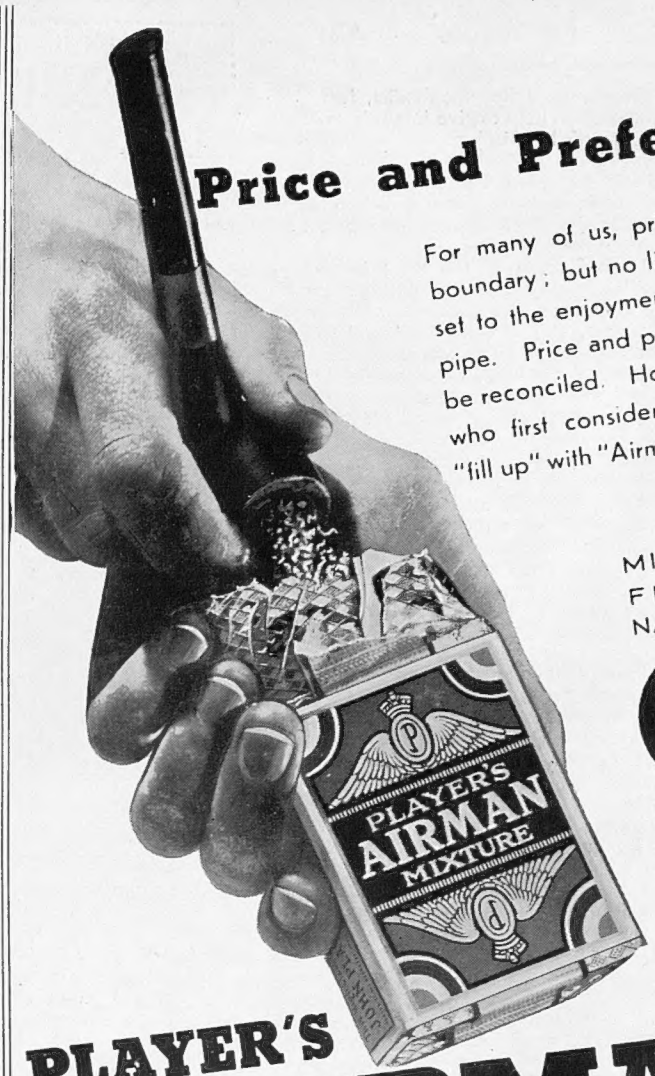

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EXHIBITION OF CHINESE ART

(Continued from p. 170)

outline of the exhibits, the following details, furnished by the Royal Academy, will help to give intending visitors some idea of the scope of this display. In the first place the ceramic wares of the Ch'ing or Manchu dynasty whose famous Emperors K'ang Hsi, Yung Cheng, and Ch'ien Lung gave their names to the porcelain manufactured during their reigns are magnificently represented by 138 pieces.

The early jades are some of the most interesting objects in the exhibition. Jades were highly regarded and so expensive that even the aristocracy purchased "false jade" (celadon), and in time the "real thing" became a royal monopoly and extremely rare. The fine cutting in these small objects is almost miraculous when the primitive method employed is realised.

Seventy-eight pieces of the Ming period are included, amongst which the richest colours are to be found, including the ruby red of the Ming Hsuan Té ware.

Oracle bones, which will also be shown, are amongst the most interesting discoveries made by archæologists within recent years. They are a record of China's early past, for they date back to the Shang Yin dynasty between three and four thousand years ago, and are inscribed with archaic pictographs. From them much lost knowledge of the earliest forms of the Chinese language has been obtained, though many characters have not as yet been identified.

Some of the oldest pictures are too fragile to travel, and the selection committee were regretfully forced to relinquish them. However some of the greatest of Chinese pictures of the Sung, Yuan, and Ming dynasties will be on view. Perhaps the finest of all is Hsia Kuei's long scroll painting "Ten Thousand Miles of the Yangtze." This famous picture is 38 ft. long; things invisible to one who adheres to the rules of perspective are brought in. It was photographed in Shanghai and made into a film.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FLYING BOAT

(Continued from p. 176)

Certain of the R.A.F. flying boat squadrons are equipped with Blackburn "Perth" and Short "Singapore" machines. The former has three Rolls-Royce engines and mounts 1½-pr. quick-firing gun in the nose, while the latter has four Rolls-Royce engines. Both have gun positions in the extreme rear point of the hull. Not long ago a squadron at Singapore was re-equipped with Short "Singapore" machines which flew out from England.

One of the most interesting experimental boats is a monoplane designed by Short Bros. which also took part in the parade at the R.A.F. Display. The wings of this machine are gull shaped with two Rolls-Royce Goshawk steam-cooled engines, developing 775 h.p. each at 5,000 feet, mounted on the knuckles.

Built to act as a self-contained unit it carries a crew of five. Included in the navigational equipment is a "three axes" automatic pilot which can control the boat in every flying manœuvre. It takes the greater part of the strain from the pilot and keeps a set course with more than human accuracy, immediately correcting even the slightest deviations.

Armament consists of three Lewis machine-guns and a bomb load of 1,000 lb. Instead of the bombs an 18-ins. torpedo can be carried under the starboard wing root against the side of the hull.

Experience gained with this boat suggests that monoplane construction is likely to prove the best in building the large flying boats of the future, and experts consider that it points directly towards the practicability of boats weighing 100 tons and more.

The flying boat of to-day is no fair-weather craft. It can take off and land in winds of gale force and can be moored out for long periods in very heavy weather. Naturally its seaworthiness in ocean gales is limited by its size, but it rides safely on seas that would have quickly wrecked the wooden boats of a few years ago.

As for the future the indications are that bigger and bigger boats will be constructed, though the value of very large boats seems at the moment to be more civil than military. Certainly, for transoceanic passenger services the big boat seems to offer the ideal solution.

CONTINUATIONS

A DERBYSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT FOR THE NATION: Part of the 52 acres of Biggin Dale, Upper Dovedale, which has recently been handed over to the National Trust by Mr. Robert McDougall, of Manchester. This limestone gorge is about three miles from Hartington, and its upper slopes command an arresting view of the beautiful Dove Valley

ROYAL PROGRESS

(Continued from p. 172)

prepared fully for the task that lies before him, to rule a country peopled not only by Rumanians. He has a school of his own composed of about twenty boys, an Hungarian from Transylvania, another from the Banat, an Austrian from Bucovina, a Russian from Bessarabia; and they are of all classes, the son of a lawyer, of a workman, of a doctor, of a peasant, of an army officer, and so on. All to the end that he shall be in touch from his earliest years with every type which he will one day have to govern. He enjoys, too, a great deal of physical training.

What the King does for his son is the ideal he is working for in the country; education and physical fitness. He is young himself, and is above all, interested in youth.

It is on youth that the King pins his faith in his work of binding together the different elements of this country so lately doubled in size. The older generation won't submit to change, they grew up under the old influences, the sloth of the old régime, they remember with bitterness the treatment of their people in the restored provinces. Their spirit is not to his liking. He has reached the position now where he holds the balance between the political factions; he has become more than a figurehead. But nowhere has there been a hint of force.

King Carol II is the first King of Rumania to speak Rumanian without a foreign accent. "I have seen him; I have touched him!" cried a peasant at the celebrations. That cry and others like it penetrated to every corner of the land when those peasants returned home. Through affection and respect the third King of Rumania has won the trust of his people.

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Ramsgate.—Granville Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Scarborough.—Grand Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Imperial Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

LONDON

Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
South Kensington Hotel.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater.—Deeside-Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Oban.—Marine Hotel, Esplanade. Apply tariff.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

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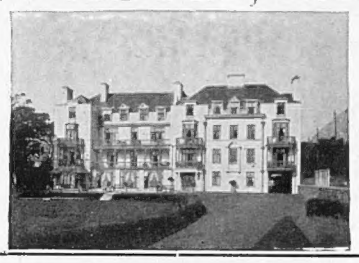

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

C., Cumberland (France). — The single, second-class fare from London to Marseilles is £7 10s. 9d. via Dover-Calais, including the 5s. supplement for first-class travel on the cross-Channel boat. You would leave London at 11 a.m., arriving in Paris at 6.13 p.m., leaving Paris (Gare de Lyon) at 9 p.m., arriving in Marseilles at 8.10 the following morning. The supplement for the second-class sleeping berth from Paris to Marseilles is £2 18s. 10d.

H., Southern Rhodesia. — The second-class fare from London to Vienna, via Newhaven–Dieppe, Paris, Bâle, Zürich, and Innsbruck would be £11 4s. 6d.; from Vienna to Prague, £2 3s. 2d.; from Prague to Berlin, £2 4s. 10d.; and from Berlin to London, via Flushing and Harwich, £6 10s. 1d.

Hints to Travellers

NEW FACILITIES FOR BRITISH MOTORISTS VISITING SWITZERLAND.

From July 20 and provisionally until December 31, British motorists can take their cars into Switzerland, as into France, on presentation of their passport, English driving licence and the car registration book. No other papers are required. A yellow temporary entrance permit is issued at the Swiss frontier point of entry. The Swiss permit is obtainable with a validity of ten days at a fee of 2 Swiss francs, or twenty days at a fee of 4 francs. Ten-day permits can be extended for another ten days at any Swiss Inland Customs office. Motorists wishing to spend more than twenty days in Switzerland can do so with a triptyque in conjunction with the British car registration book and driver's licence and need not take out the full international papers. From July 10 until October 31 inclusive, motoring visitors to Switzerland spending three days or longer within the country will benefit by a special price concession, which will lower their petrol bills very considerably.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Worc. (Walking tour of Switzerland).—We suggest that you visit the Bernese Oberland, the following tour of which could be done comfortably in two weeks, and presents no special difficulties: Altdorf (Lake Lucerne), Surenen Pass, Engelberg, Joch Pass, Innertkirchen, Gorge of the Aar, Meiringen, Reichenbach Falls, Rosenlaui, Great Scheidegg, Grindelwald, Little Scheidegg, Wengen, Lauterbrunnen, Mürren, Sefinen Furgge, Gries Alp, Hohturli Pass, Oeschinen See, Kandersteg, Balmhorn, Kippel, Ried Blatten, Ried, Kippel, Goppenstein, Gampel, Leuk, Leukerbad, Gemmi Pass, Kandersteg, Bonderkrinden Pass, Adelboden, Hahnenmoos Pass, Lenk, Lauenen, Gsteig. The route lies for the most part over paths and mountain tracks which are quite well marked, with very little walking on main roads. The Lotschental Valley is very beautiful and one of the few valleys in Switzerland which is as yet practically unknown to tourists, and we advise you to make the excursion up to Blatten, even though it involves retracing your steps back as far as Kippel.

M., Glam. (Dalmatia).—The chief excursions to be made from Dubrovnik are those to Kotor, from where Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, is easily reached, the old Turkish town of Trebinje, the island of Lokrum and Serajevo. Kotor can be reached by road or water, the ideal method being to go by steamer and return by motor coach. The excursion to Serajevo requires two days, there being two good hotels in the town, the Europe and the Central. The motor coach service between Dubrovnik and Serajevo has, we understand, now been discontinued, but during the summer season you will probably find organised excursions running from Dubrovnik to Serajevo. You should endeavour to make this trip for it is most interesting.

H., Yorks. (Bath).—The mineral springs of Bath are the only natural hot springs in Great Britain, the waters being radioactive and hyperthermal, varying in heat from 104° at the Cross Bath to 117° at the King's Bath and 120° at the Hot Bath. There are four Bath Establishments. You would like the Pulteney Hotel which is situated near the Pump Room and Baths.

McP., Notts. (Torquay).—We suggest the Hydro Hotel at Torquay, which is situated in a most favoured position with magnificent views of Torbay, removed from all traffic and noise. There is good bathing at Meadfoot Beach adjacent to the Hotel, and there are two golf courses close at hand.

Hints to Travellers

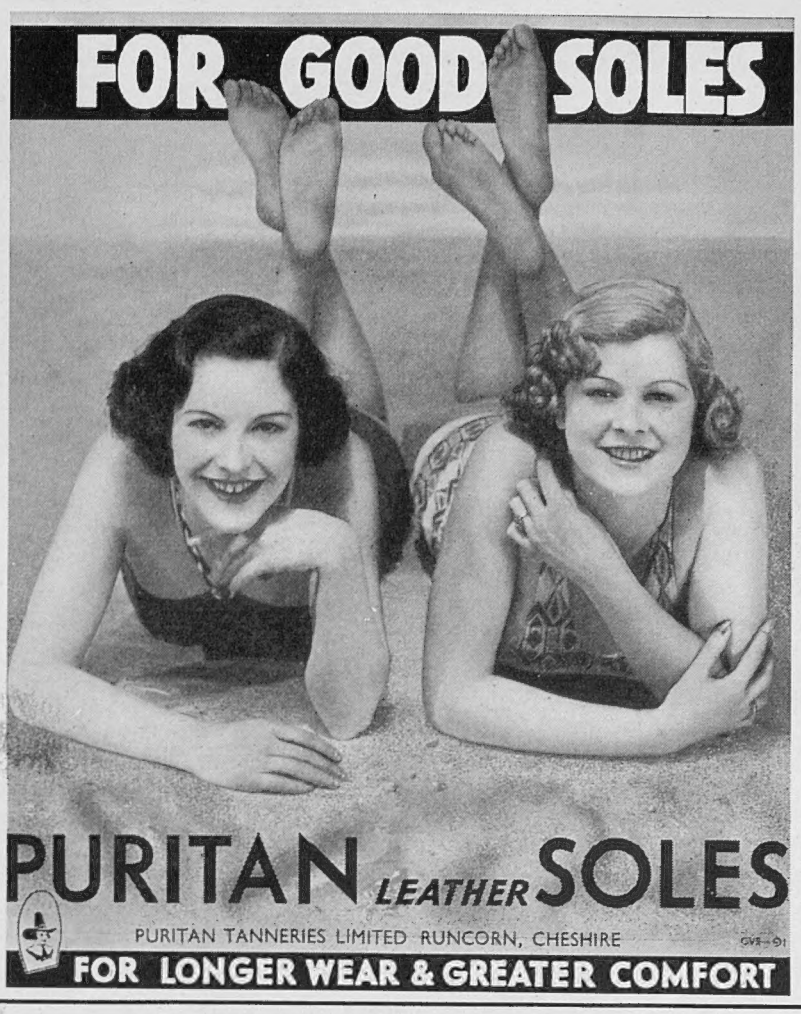
VICHY.

Music lovers visiting Vichy this season will have plenty of opportunity for indulging their tastes in that respect, for an excellent programme of musical events has been arranged. Five concerts a week will be given in the Grand Casino, the evening performances under the direction of M. Emile Cooper, president-orchestra leader of the Paris Symphony Concerts, and the afternoon performances under the direction of M. Louis Fourestier, orchestra leader of the Opéra Comique and the Concerts Lamoureux of Paris. In addition, performances of the Wagnerian Tetralogy will be given at the Grand Casino in August, under the direction of Karl Elmendorff, leader of the Bayreuth Opera, while *Aïda*, *La Norma*, and *La Forza del Destino* will be given in the last two weeks of August, with artists from the Scala of Milan singing the leading rôles. Incidentally, all the concerts and operas will be broadcast.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



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Badgastein. — "Der Kaiserhof." — The hotel of distinction, comfort, perfect service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—Grand Hotel de l'Europe.—The leading Hotel situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonnotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—**Reichspost-Hotel.**—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Conn. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich. — **Grand Hotel Continental.** — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.
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Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

ITALY.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—
Hotel Gudrun.—
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SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site. — First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — **Hotel Du Lac.** — Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne. — **The National.** — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux. Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1,000 beds. Full pension rates from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder. — **Dolder Grand Hotel,** 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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